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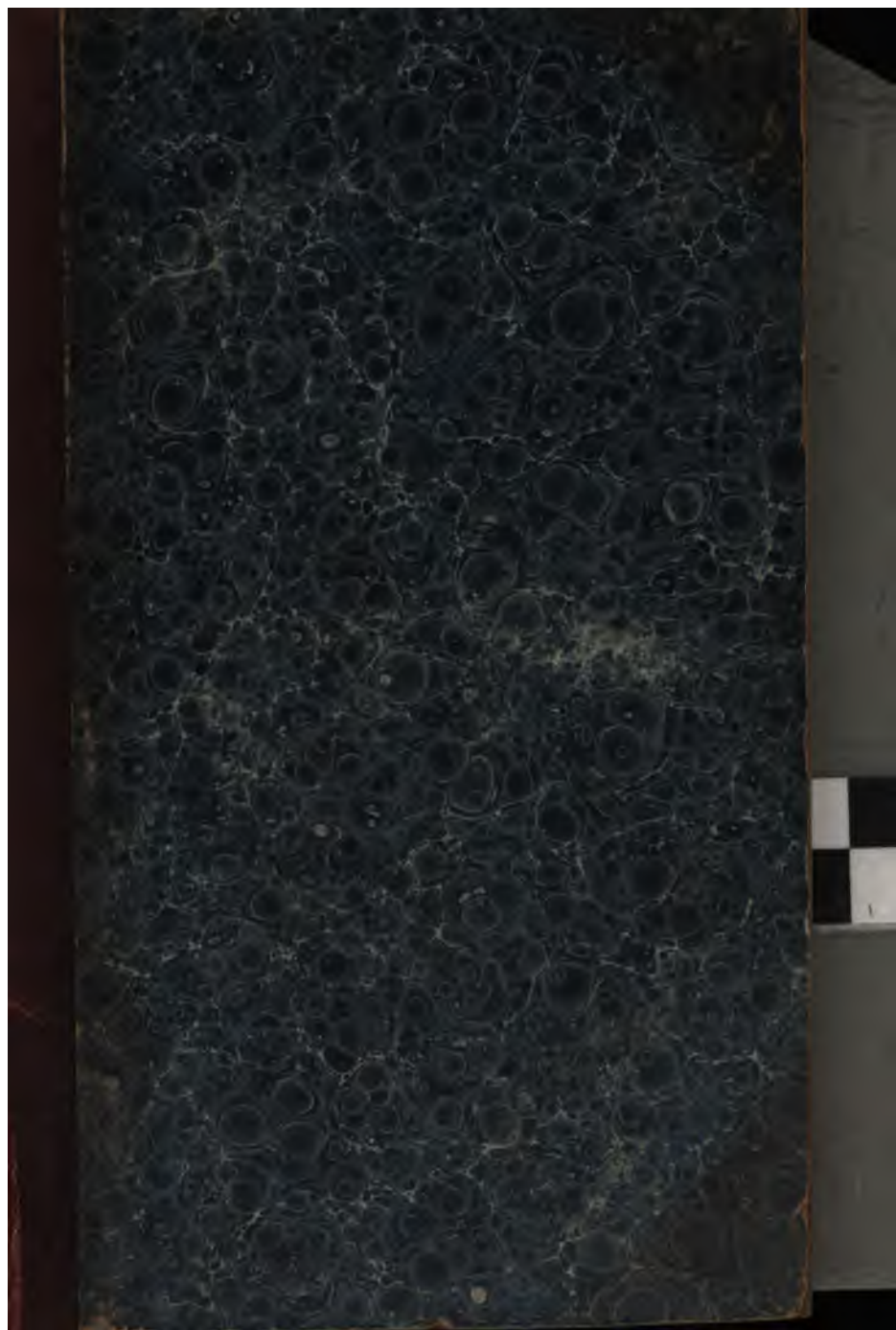
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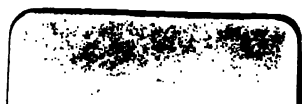
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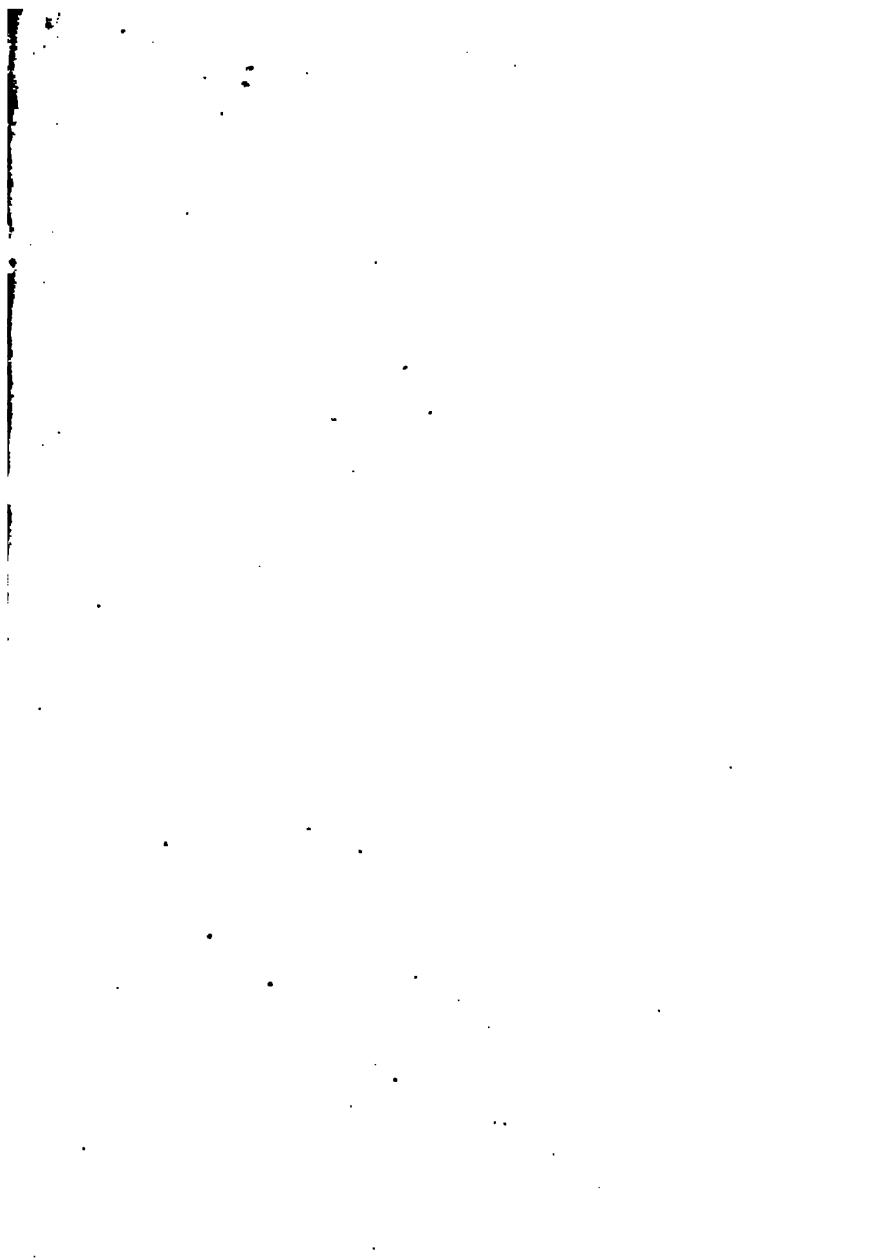
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PYRENAICA.

PYRENAICA:

OR,

A History of the Viscounts of Béarn,

TO THE DEATH OF

HENRI IV. THE GREAT,

WITH THE LIFE OF THAT MONARCH.

BY

C. PEMBERTON HODGSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF AUSTRALIA;" "THE WANDERER, A POEM;"
AND "EL YDAIOUR."

LONDON:

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, M.P.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

My Lord,

To your numerous kindnesses to me you have added this one—the permission to dedicate my little work to you.

The Life of Henri IV. will ever be interesting; and if the book be dry, the fault is mine, for there is no lack of amusement in his history.

Thanking you, my Lord, for a permission which cannot fail to secure me a good reception,

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your grateful and obedient servant,

C. PEMBERTON HODGSON.

July 5th, 1855.

London.



PREFACE.

BESIDE the historical interest so eminently attached to the picturesque and romantic region, of which this volume is intended to be a memorial, Pau can fairly lay claim to yet higher achievements than those which are for ever associated with its name, in connexion with the life and times of the greatest monarch the world has seen, in ancient or in modern days. Far beyond all archæologic or historic lore, however seductive to the traveller or man of letters, are the sweet breezes, the dry, healthful atmosphere, of this favored spot, and the good

which has been done to the delicate frame of many a despairing invalid, fully attests the value of the above assertion, and gratefully and fondly preserves the recollection of Pau and the Pyrénées, in the hearts of all those whose friends or relatives have found benefit from a spring or winter's residence there.

How many there are who suffering alike in mind and body, have sought in the quietude and solitary groves of Pau, that peace and happiness which has been denied them elsewhere, have gained cheerfulness and health in the contemplation of its grand and lofty mountains, its lovely scenery, and above all, in its soft and refreshing air?

To those who debarred from the pleasures of ordinary life by impaired constitutions, by failing or delicate health, alas! too frequently the case with many of my fair countrywomen, upon whose blanched cheeks, the wind of this their native

clime, blows too roughly, I could not recommend a more agreeable, more salubrious locality, to dwell in, than this sweet spot of the South, this Temple of Hygeia—Pau !

In confirmation of my opinion thus frankly given and expressed, I will add the following extract from the work of Sir James Clark, on the “Sanative Influence of Climate,”—an authority far out-weighing my poor testimony on the matter.

• “There are several circumstances in the climate of Pau which render it a favorable residence for a certain class of invalids. The atmosphere, when it does not rain, is dry, and the weather fine, and there are neither fogs nor cold piercing winds. The characteristic quality of the climate, however, is the mildness of its spring, and exemption from cold winds. While the *winter* is rather more than 2° colder than the warmest parts of

England, and about 5° colder than Rome. The *spring* is nearly $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ warmer than the former, and only $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ colder than the latter.

“The mildness of the spring, and its little liability to winds, render this place favourable in diseases of the larynx, trachea, and bronchi.”

I have now said enough, I hope, to shew, that Pau and its beautiful neighbourhood, will on the score of health, (and accessibility) present many attractions to the wanderer in search of *that* greatest of all blessings; to the mere pleasure-seeker and lover of the picturesque, I can promise a rare harvest of delights, and for the charming associations with which the Béarn teems on every side, I must leave this very unpretending narrative, culled from previous writers, to disclose.

In a work of this kind, I have been obliged to be discursive, and therefore I do not put it forth

as one seeking any merit for its composition; the only credit I at all claim for it at the hands of my readers, is that of its being as concise a *resumé* of the account of the little kingdom, as I could construct, and as fair and impartial a view of the facts, as history would permit me to supply. I have been greatly indebted to the inhabitants of Pau for many acts of courtesy and kindness, and I shall in some sort acquit myself of the debt of gratitude I owe to them, if I am the humble means of helping to induce any one of my readers to visit their charming country, and judge for him or herself, whether I have or have not said too much about its beauties, and many natural advantages.

“ Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix’d
 Beauty no pencil, Beauty’s Truth to lay
 But best is best, if never intermix’d.”

THE AUTHOR.



I beg here to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Monsieur Manescau, ancien Maire of Pau, for the kindness with which he placed his library at my disposition, and to confess freely that I have borrowed largely from "les Recherches sur le Béarn," by Monsieur Mazure.

I beg also to thank my kind friend and publisher, Mr. George Wright, for his most valuable and uninterested assistance on this as on many other occasions.

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CHAPTER I.

THE first time I ever heard of Pau, I was a squatter in Australia, *sauvage dans un pays sauvage*. Indulging one day on damper and salt beef, with the everlasting tin pannikin of tea, I received a letter with the "Pau" postmark: I immediately searched my brains and then my map, but could find no trace of such a place; I therefore imagined it some out-of-the-way spot in the mountains—some frontier village, where cheap living and smuggling tempted many to go, or at the best but a resort for invalids; I knew, however, that one very dear to me resided there, and I ever after had a desire to see it.

But little in 1840, did I think I was to know it

so well in 1852—that I was to live there, marry there one of the daughters of the land, and even hold the office of Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-consul there. But so it is.

After spending six years in the bush of Australia, and passing, like a swallow over the wave, through many a clime, from furthest Ind to sultry Abyssinia, I left my native land for the third time, with the intention of passing through France and Spain to my old scenes and hunting grounds in Habesh. Illness detained me at Pau, I recovered to marry;—I have spent six years there; I love the country and the native population, for I am a sportsman, and can roam where I like, with a civil word and a “bonjour” for the poorest; I love the mountains, gaves, fields, vines, coteaux, and I adore the memory as I admire the life of Henri IV, King of Navarre, Sovereign of Béarn, and last, not least, monarch of France. And is there a Béarnais who does not idolize him? or is there a man who has read his history, and witnessed the affection these honest montagnards have for him, that does not delight in him? May I then endeavour to win you over to admire where there is so much to

admire and venerate; and pass over with me a country, which, all who have seen, regret and preserve a tender recollection of.

I cannot say why, but I never met a foreigner who had resided here, who did not remember Pau and the Béarn with affection. Switzerland and the Rhine are magnificent and grand, full of fine scenery, and stored with ancient legend; but there is something about the Pyrénées which fascinates us even more: perhaps, as it requires more time to arrive there—as the road between Paris and Pau, with few exceptions, is not the most beautiful—as the traveller *resides* generally some months there, and during that time has become acquainted with the history, manners of the people, and the beauties of its environs, we may find some reason for the predilection. Be that as it may, I hope by these few pages, borrowed chiefly from French writers, and confirmed by my own researches and observation, to show you, that Pau, once so little known, is a charming place; that its history is worth being acquainted with, and that the cradle and nursery of one of the greatest and best beloved monarchs of France is worthy of visiting, even as a pilgrimage.

There are not wanting those who have written or sung about the Béarn. Her own princes have celebrated its praises; Gaston Phœbus and Marguerite de Valois have not left perishable works; but we have a greater chronicler than either of those—Jehan Froissart lived and wrote here; Archbishop Marca also; then we have those valuable archives; then in modern times, Mazure, Chatterton, Clark, Ellis, Taylor, and the everlasting Murray.

From all these we may gather much and useful knowledge, much pleasant recreation; from Lady Chatterton an agreeable diary; from Clark and Taylor a truthful account of the merits of the climate and the efficacy of the waters and baths; from Murray a general outline of all worth seeing and how to see it; with nice little notices to make each place to be seen known and understood when seen—a volume that may either serve as a guide-book over the mountains, or over the past ages of their history.

It once was difficult to reach Pau; in 1553 Jeanne d'Albert passed eighteen days in travelling from Compiègne to Navarre; twenty years ago it was no easy task; *now*, a few pounds sterling and a few hours take you there.

The route to Paris is well known. From Paris we have the railway—that remover of difficulties, economist of time, and smiler at distance: we fly past Orleans, Blois, Amboise, and Tours, each and all worth visiting. The same engine carries us on to Poitiers, a name familiar to every English ear; and then, indeed, we leave for a few hours the iron road, and find the old familiar diligence, to remind us we are still in France. But this is only for a short distance; in seven hours we reach Angoulême, that town, so well, so nobly built, like a vast castle, to defend the valley and plain around; and once more the rail, yea, even to Bordeaux.* And what a city to see! Nature gave all she could, and man has not failed in embellishing the gift.

I am not going to describe Bordeaux however—it is not the Béarn, but it is a city, old, historic, and increasing in industry and commercial importance. Visit it,—you will be repaid; and remember that in olden days your forefathers inhabited it.

From Bordeaux the lumbering “dilly” is again

* The rail is now open to Dax, on the Adour, within seven hours of Pau.

the conveyance; through vineyards, pine clad plains, and a somewhat dreary country, you arrive at the pretty town of Aire, on the Adour. Hence you may catch a glimpse of the distant mountains, running East and West; but,—the Landes are past, and then that panorama, than which nothing in nature can be more fine, is spread before you, as you enter Pau.

You want apartments, which are easily found, so, having selected them, seek the Place—the Place Royale, or, as I love to call it, the Place Henri IV. There is his marble statue, which Parisian emissaries in 1848 would have destroyed, had not men, women and children threatened to hurl them into the gulf beneath, if they did not instantly quit the venerated spot. When I first strolled on the Place, I had no Murray,—I did not know what I was to see,—I was moreover ill. I saw laughing faces, and heard merry voices, which suited ill my melancholy; I passed them by, and reached mechanically the end of the terrace, absorbed in thought and planning future deeds—I knew not what to do. I cast my eyes to heaven, to ask for aid and counsel, and what did I see? Bright blue skies?

Oh yes, and more!! The fairest view that mortal eye could feast on. I gazed and gazed, until I felt assured that I gazed on reality, until I knew that they were no liquid clouds or vapoury mists, to melt and fade away, those sombre mountains! No, they were too solid, too varied, too natural and grand to be creations of my fancy; I gazed till I became part of them,—till my thirsty soul drank up the sparkling gave, and all my thoughts of wonder and delight broke out in one long sigh of, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, thine this universal frame, unspeakable." And so it was, the more I gazed, as one does gaze, silently, mournfully, yet fixedly, on what touches us and seems to hold communion with us, the more I loved, rooted and fixed to where I was when I first saw the gorgeous scene, to feast on what I feared to be too bright, too beautiful to last.

I have seen the Bernese Alps more than once; to say I did not admire them, would be to say I had no taste, feeling, or love of nature in me; but I will admit that perhaps I did not sufficiently appreciate them, for I was younger, and had not seen all I have since seen. I thought

them grand, sublime, and wonderful, but they did not touch or fascinate me; but when I saw the Pyrénées, my heart leaped within me, I was paralyzed and motionless, enraptured, struck, not only with the might and majesty of the mountains, but with the variety and gentleness of the foreground.

The winding river coming from afar, and sweeping beneath your feet, past the venerable castle, and losing itself in the distance; the numerous villages, with their presiding church; the green fields, the white linen at Bizanos, the fertile plain, the gracefully sloping coteaux, with the numerous chateaux that crown their summits, all, even the eternal poplar on the river banks, was so lovely, that without the rugged background, Nature's sternest work, I should have been delighted; but the whole—the mélange of beauty and grandeur, light and shade, foreground and distance, caused emotions I cannot fully describe, and which, after six years' residence, and daily familiarity with the scene, I am still capable of feeling.

How often have I seen the wonder-struck tourist passing hour after hour, his eyes fixed

intently on the glorious panorama, stroll away awhile, but to return again and gaze his fancy real ; or on his tablet trace what was already traced on the faithful tablet of his memory.

Stranger ! of whatever nation, confess that the view from the Place Henri IV is as beautiful as wonderful, and that the fatigues of the journey were all forgotten, or recompensed by the treat you enjoyed.

See yon native peasant ! with what poetic joy he leans on the old wall and regales himself with the well known prospect. Engraven on his heart the well marked lines—the patriot bosom swells with honest pride ; and what from earliest infancy had been his delight, in manhood had been the theme of his song, is in riper age the burthen of his tale. Truly these dumb mountains attach themselves to us—there is nothing in inanimate nature that gains more on our feelings than these works, to us so grand, while we ourselves are insignificance.

But I must quit this strain ; and, as I suppose I have conducted you, though rather quickly, to the land of my story, I shall endeavour, as well as I can, to make you appreciate it ; and commence

by giving you a short outline of the origin and former grandeur of the people you have come to visit.

The Department we now trace on the map of France as the Basses Pyrénées, in olden times was divided into three or more nations. The Basques inhabited the mountains and vallies towards Spain and St. Jean Pied de Port; the Aquitains occupied the North-west and Northern parts, and the Béarn, which now comprehends a large extent of territory, was known as the country in which we find Pau, Lescar, &c.

Though now attached to French history, the country around, up to 1610, the date of Henry the Fourth's assassination, had their own chroniclers, and from them I glean my present information. Cæsar in the first chapter of the first book of his *Commentaries de Bello Gallico*, says, (lib. i, cap. 1) all Gaul was divided into three parts; the Belgæ occupied one portion, the Aquitanians a second, and the third was occupied by a race who were called Celts by themselves and Gauls by our people. These three divisions differed in languages, customs and laws. Aquitania extended

from the river Garonne to the Pyrénées, and to that part of the Ocean which is towards Spain.

Pomponius Mela says, (lib. ii, cap. 5,) from the Pyrénées to the Garonne the country is called Aquitania.

Pliny (lib. iv, cap. 17,) remarks also, that from the Garonne to the Pyrénées the country is designated as Aquitania Aremorica.

The first we hear of the Béarn is in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, where he mentions (lib. iii, cap. 24,) his Lieutenant, Publius Crassus, B.C. 56, conquering all Aquitania. The honor therefore of this victory belongs not to Cæsar, but his Lieutenant.

During the reign of Augustus, we find mention of it B. C. 28 : Aquitania is enlarged by the addition of all the country between the Garonne and the Loire. This is Strabo's account ; though Pliny introduces the Béarn into Gallia Narbonensis.

Later again, A.D. 117, under the Emperor Adrien, it became part of the nation known by the name of Novem-populania, though Marca declares that there were twelve cities and even fourteen provinces.

To make these pages intelligible, I must distinguish this province. The Provincia Novempopulana consisted of Eavze (Gers), Acqs or Dax; Lectoure (Gers), Comminge (Hte. Garonne), St. Lizier (Arriège), Bayonne, Aire, Bazas, Tarbes, and the Bigorre, Oloron and Auch. They are thus far back described as a brave race, only submitting after hard fighting. They sent hostages to Cæsar, and the Romans appeared to have enjoyed the fertile vallies they had conquered, as we find, particularly in the Bigorre, numerous inscriptions and other marks of a continued residence.

At Pau, lately, there has been discovered a vast mosaïque, which is generally allowed to have been a Roman bath, and on the coteaux near the modern villa of Gandaloz is still to be traced the site of an ancient Roman camp. Moreover the names, now corrupted, of many important towns are traceable to Roman origin.

Under the Emperor Honorius, A.D. 406, the Vandals, a people of Asiatic origin from the Caucasus and Caspian, after burning the city of Trèves, but sparing the rich city of Toulouse at the prayer of its bishop, proceeded on their work

of devastation to the Pyrénées. Two noble brothers, Didymus and Severianus, relations of Honorius, armed their dependants and withstood their attack, as they were on the point of pouring down on the Spanish vallies.

Forced to retreat, they spread terror and desolation over all Aquitania, even to Narbonne and the Gulf of Lyons. St. Jerome, in his Letters written about this time, after mentioning the hordes which in his days had ravaged Gaul, laments the unhappy condition of his dear Novempopulania, which "ces Sauterelles de l'Egypte" had almost eaten bare.

The people on this side of the Pyrénées suffered most severely from the barbarians, owing to their repulse from the Spanish side, until the Emperor Honorius, who died A. D. 423, made alliance with the Visgoths, or Westgoths, and the son of Alaric, Wallia by name, conceding to him a large portion of "la Seconde Aquitaine," from Bordeaux to Toulouse, which latter city became the capital of the first kingdom of the Visgoths in France. A portion of Novempopulania fell also to his share, with a small part of Narbonne, A. D. 419.

After these the Franks appear : and with the successes of Franks (who, having occupied for 200 years the borders of the Rhine, invaded Gaul and expelled the Romans), civilization, science, and the light to lighten the historian through the mazes of these dark ages, disappeared also.

In 439 we find Aetius marching with his forces into the Pyrénées against Theodoric, King of the Visgoths. They are cut to pieces by Theodoric at Toulouse, and may we not conjecture some of the cities of Novempopulania aided him ?

Clovis, the Merovian, at the end of the fifth or beginning of the sixth century having embraced Christianity at Rheims, (A.D. 496) planted his standard on the Pyrénées. Conquering the Germans, Goths and Romans, he established his rule in Aquitania ; and the Béarn, Navarre and the pays Basque, reposed with security under his protection and that of his immediate successor.

I have said Clovis planted his standard ; I mean he did so through his lieutenants or knights, for he himself does not appear to have been further south than Bordeaux, where he passed a winter ; he died A. D. 511.

As the Merovian dynasty declined, and the

feeble princes yielded to the tyranny of their "Maires du Palais,"* we have few historic facts to depend on: yet A.D. 589, we find the Gascons or Vascons crossing the Pyrénées and taking possession of Aquitania.

The Cantabri, a race always mentioned with respect by ancient authors, who assisted Carthage against Rome, Aquitania against P. Crassus, and Pompey at Pharsalia;—the Cantabri, described in the French classical dictionaries as Basques, inhabitants of Biscay, and by Horace as a people "untaught to bear our yoke," crossed the Pyrénées, and came to settle with the people of the Basse Navarre and Bayonne, about the beginning of the seventh century. These people, called also Vascones, gave the name of Gascony to Novempopulania. Theodoric, of Orleans and Burgundy, with Theodebert, Duke of Austrasia, sons of

* The "Maires du Palais" originated in the tender ages of Sigibert and Clovis II, sons of Dagobert. Being too young to rule, the noblest, richest, and most powerful of the officers of the palace were chosen, who took good care to increase the importance of their office. The dukes of Burgundy and Austrasia (Rhenish provinces) were the first. They continued, often hereditary, to exercise their rule for a period of eighty years, A.D. 689.

Childibert, about 602, marched against them, subdued and imposed a tribute on them, and left the Duke Genialis to rule and check their invasions. Aighinan succeeded Genialis, and became Duke of Gascony in 626. In 630 Gascony, including the new kingdom of Aquitania, which Dagobert had made over to Caribert, had for Duke—Amard, whose daughter Giselle was married to Caribert. The death of this latter prince in 631 changed however the state of affairs in Aquitania, which Dagobert had erected into a duchy of France. Amard took up arms to maintain the pretensions of his grandsons, Boggis and Bertrand, sons of Caribert, and made excursions over all Aquitania. But Dagobert, about the year 636, indignant at the occupation of a part of Aquitania by these strangers, attacked them, and, after long and bloody engagements, succeeded in driving them back over their mountains to those retreats and fastnesses which they ever after remained masters of. From these Vascons or Gascons however comes the Béarnaise sovereignty. Amard, chief of the Basque or Vascon power, gave his daughter in marriage to Caribert, a brother of Dagobert, and king of Aquitania. From that

union came two sons, who inherited from their grandfather Gascony, and from their father Aquitania. One of these sons was bishop of Liège; the other, Bertrand, reigned over Aquitania and Gascony, and was recognised as duke by Dagobert.

But now we must introduce most fearful enemies. The Arab, El Samahh, crosses the Pyrénées: he is defeated and killed, but their name was "legion;" and fearful indeed at that period were the Saracens, the followers of Mahomet, who wished to subdue all the world to the faith of their prophet. Thus we find again in 732 these brave and enthusiastic fanatics, under the command of Abd-er-Ahmahn, rushing from the Caliphate of Cordova over the Pyrénées to the number of 400,000 men, filling the fertile plains of Aquitania with their splendid cavalry, and bearing their standard, the crescent, in triumph even to the walls of Tours.

At Tours, however, Charles Martel, the gallant champion of Christianity, awaited and routed them, driving them back to the Spanish frontier with an enormous loss; Abd-er-Ahmahn himself is killed by the Aquitain duke, Eudes. The point at which Abd-er-Ahmahn crossed the Pyrénées is

a matter of dispute. Some, and amongst these the intelligent Marca, pretend that they passed over the mountains at Bigorre, and scattered themselves through the vallies of Béarn into the heart of France. Others, and amongst these M. Pelassou, do not agree to this supposition. He believes that these religious warriors entered France by Roussillon, by the coast of the Mediterranean, near Perpignan, and (after seizing Carcassonne and Narbonne, which they fortified and maintained forty-two years and were at last driven forth from by Pepin le Bref,) proceeded direct to Bordeaux.

Be that as it may, the Béarn was soon in the power of the Moorish Conqueror, although popular tradition says that the Saracen army was attacked with great success by the united forces of Béarn and Bigorre:—that the stay of these swarthy warriors was long we cannot infer, as on their defeat by Charles Martel and Eudes, the whole country through which they retreated rose up “en masse” against them, and drove them over the mountains.

Frequent border irruptions and raids no doubt occurred, and we see to what extremities the population must have been reduced by the Castle

Church at Luz, which was evidently an "outpost for the Christians against the Saracens," who were most unpleasant neighbours.

Up to the period of Charlemagne's expedition to the Pyrénées to crush the last struggles of the Saracens, and to bring under subjection the native population of the two Navarres and Béarn, who, having overpowered the Moors, thought themselves strong enough to throw off also the Frank yoke, there appears to have been but a series of those petty engagements, such as we read of in the parallel history of other nations at the same warlike period.

Charlemagne having restored quiet, passed over by the vallies of the Béarn, hoping, as the more successful Imperial Napoleon did some thousand years later, to add the bright jewel of Spain to the diadem of France. By the treachery of an Aquitain, Loup II, he was defeated, and the rear of his army cut to pieces at Roncevaux, between Pampeluna and St. Jean Pied de Port, A.D. 778.

The celebrated Roland, Cómte d'Angers, and the hero of Ariosto, whose mighty arm severed

in two that formidable barrier in the Pyrénées, and whose horse's foot mark is still visible on the Brèche that bears his name, fell in this engagement.

But, if unsuccessful in the conquest of Spain, Charlemagne established and consolidated his rule in the Pyrénées, brought the Basques to their allegiance, and made all Aquitain acknowledge him as emperor.

The conqueror at Roncevaux was Loup, Duke and chief of the Gascons, one of the last descendants of Clovis, when that family was driven across the Pyrénées by Dagobert; who, sometime after falling into the hands of the emperor, was cruelly hung by him—another instance of how great men may sully their glories by deeds history revolts from. In 795 we find mention of another irruption of the Saracens into France: they attacked Narbonne, and engaged the French armies successfully, but were obliged to retreat, though with immense booty. In 813, one year before the death of Charlemagne, they made a second raid into the Pyrénées, and regained Spain with enormous spoil.

Poor Béarn, always devoted and brave, no doubt, shared in the miseries as well as the glories of expulsion.

Before dismissing this grand hero of his age, I remember how much this simple epitaph "Carolus magnus," at Aix la Chapelle, struck me. He had no need of a gorgeous monument to publish his noble deeds; he left it to history to judge him after the times he lived in,—and great indeed he was!

Loup, Duke of Gascony, had left behind him noble sons, who, although the emperor ruled and swayed all Aquitania, were ever troublesome and anxious to avenge their father's death. Adalric used all his endeavours to become master of Gascony, but Louis le debonnaire, son of Charlemagne, revenged the defeat of Roncevaux, and killed Adalric.

Sons after sons rise up never conquered, ever killed, to renew their contest and obtain their heritage, but the arms of the emperor prevail, and the price of their attempt is the forfeit of their lives.

Often and often do other princes of this family, in the persons of the Centulli, wage war against

the emperor or Louis le debonnaire; but it is only in 822 that we see the distant branches of the Merovingian tree take root, and spring up to flourish in Aquitania, and more particularly give a princely house to the Béarn.

Thus all through their contests with their enemies, the Aquitanians, or Béarnais, shewed a spirit of invincible obstinacy and devotion, never yielding, never won, but always ready to fight for their liberty and their legitimate chiefs: no doubt, on account of their proximity to the borders, they were liable to frequent attacks, and their fertile hills and vallies were the scenes of bloodshed and devastation.

Charlemagne alone seems to have thoroughly subdued and firmly annexed them to his empire, for Louis had great difficulty in keeping them under subjection.

He gave Aquitania to his son Pepin in 836, but this division of his empire did not please his other sons, and therefore at the death of Pepin in 838, he disinherited his family, and divided Aquitania into counties, to be governed by chiefs who should take the names of the counties under their especial command.

Notwithstanding the difficulties which cloud the history of the duchies of Aquitania and Gascony in the 9th century, we can certify one fact. There exists an act passed in 825 (or more probably later, as Charles the bald did not ascend the throne till 840) by Charles, son of Louis le Debonnaire, in favour of the monastery at Alaon, in the diocese of Urgel, in the Catalon. This document establishes the existence of the Béarn's being a vicomté, possessed by a prince of the name of Centullus, of the family of Clovis.

I remarked how Louis le debonnaire punished and subdued Gascony, and how he seized the government of it from a grandson of Eudes, that he might give it to a duke of his own family. Yet still the Merovingians held some possessions, for Donat Loup, son of Loup Centullus, was appointed by Louis, A.D. 820, to command Bigorre, and his brother Centullus Loup was maintained in his authority over the Béarn. He died about 845.

Aquitania, always ready to assert its independence of Northern Gaul, profited of every opportunity to do so. The disputes about succession,

even during Charles the bald's time, and later, between the feeble descendants of the great Charlemagne, who had other work nearer at hand and nearer at home, than the defence of their distant provinces in the South, favoured them; and so well did the Béarn and Bigorre play their part, and combat all future attempts to annex them to the throne of France, that at last we have seen they were allowed to form for themselves independant Seigneuries.

But not without fighting; for the Normans and Scandinavians during a long period desolated their country:—those devastating hordes! who came down, like a torrent, sweeping all before them, and laid all the regions conquered by their arms under pillage and taxation. They were not finally expelled from France till the tenth century.

Bayonne and Béarn suffered much from these barbarians. Having no religion, their hatred for anything religious was inveterate and insatiable, so much so that the priests were butchered, the ashes of the saints thrown to the air, the churches pillaged and destroyed, and the bishopricks of

Novempopulania, Tarbes, Auch, Bayonne, &c. were laid in ruins, whilst Benearnum, the old capital of Béarn, was completely annihilated.

After this fearful storm had passed away, we find, according to Archbishop Marcá's account, about 905, a noble knight and prince, whom *he* is pleased to name Centullus the I. He passed his time in excursions against the Saracens, retaliating their cruelties which a hundred years had not obliterated the recollection of. But I must leave him, and after mentioning Gaston I, 940 A.D., in whose time there was a mint at Morlaàs for silver and copper, and even gold coins, which were current all over Gascony, Gaston II, who founded many monasteries and pious institutions, and Centullus II, I shall come at once to Centullus III, with whom the renown of the sovereignty of Béarn commences.

The fame of this Centullus rests, not on his continual disputes with the feudal lords of the age he lived in, though he was termed "*magnus dominator terræ*," for he only maintained his position amongst them;—nor in his having aided the king of Navarre against the Moors in Spain. His greatest title to the affection of the Béarn

is that he consolidated the sovereignty of their country, and raised the standard of independence. He was murdered in 1058, but left the noble heritage to his grandson Centullus IV, who bravely finished the work began by his grandfather, and was formally recognized, in his person and that of his successors, as holding a rank with the sovereign princes of the period. Orthez, Oloron, and Morlaàs, were rebuilt by this prince, who was assassinated 1088 on his way to assist Sanché, king of Arragon.

His son Gaston IV, succeeded him. He was a noble warrior, and an excellent legislator, preferring the public good to his own interest; he granted several important privileges to his country, and finished the city of Orthez.

In the twelfth century, we find him mentioned as one of the most honorable of all the chivalry of that epoch, and he went with the celebrated Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon to the first crusade, assisting at the siege of Antioch, with Raymond, Count of Toulouse; and at Jerusalem, where he was distinguished for his courage in battle, and generosity to the conquered, for he stayed the savage and fanatic cruelty of his

soldiers, whenever their fierce passions after victory made them demons, sparing all he could. On his return to Europe, he went as a good knight and true Christian to aid the kings of Arragon and Navarre in the expulsion of the infidels. After having assisted at the defeat of eleven Moorish kings, and doing all that the bravest of the brave knights could do, in defence of his religion, he died covered with glory, as a warrior should do, with his arms in his hands fighting for the banner of Christendom.

He was buried at Saragossa 1130; and they say? that in the treasury of this town are preserved to this day his spurs and horn.

Shall I pass over the warrior's grave without saying that the mildest qualities adorned this chivalrous lawgiver?—No; witness for him! ye ancient laws: ye old institutions, which gave liberty to Morlaàs, Oloron, Lescar and Pau, and remember that with these institutions he secured your liberty.

Thus we see that the Centulli III and IV and Gaston IV, are those noble princes to whom Béarn owes its independence.

After Gaston's death, we read of several viscounts

of no importance, and of disputes and misunderstandings with Arragon. The Béarn drove from its territory the Viscount of Moncade, a Catalan, husband of the Viscountess Marie, who dared to offer, with her Spanish husband, homage to the kings of Arragon, and again declared its independence, choosing as successors to their exiled princes, a knight of Bigorre, and afterwards a knight of Auvergne. These newly invested dignitaries, imagining that with their authority they might do whatever they desired, were very soon put away to make place for a very curiously elected prince.

Béarn, having declared its independence, having banished the legitimate prince, for ignobly rendering fealty to Arragon, having assassinated the two elected cavaliers she had requested to come and reign over them, turned their eyes towards a baby prince in Catalogne.

Marca very probably and naturally supposes this infant prince to have been the son of the Viscountess Marie and William de Moncade, whom they expelled, and imagines that the Béarn, having in vain tried to find a worthy prince, would have turned with affectionate regret and

remorse to their legitimate although now exiled prince, and in the person of their son, wished to redeem their error by nominating him their chief.

The choice was singular enough, savouring of superstition perhaps, yet of great poetic justice. "Emissaries were sent by the Béarn, to demand one of the twin children of the above-mentioned nobles to be their lord: arrived on the spot, they went to visit these children, whom they found asleep: one had his little hands open, the other had them closed; their father having allowed them to select the one they preferred, they immediately demanded him "of the open hand," for they received this omen as a sign of liberality.

The same authority says, is it not curious to see these men, these old Béarnais, after murdering two seigneurs of their choice, fix upon a little innocent baby to be their lord and master? verily it was singular, and singularly successful the election turned out.

The little prince was called Gaston VI, and with him, in 1173, the Merovingian family in Béarn ends; a family which, from 819, or during

a period corresponding to the whole sway of the Carlovingian race, and the reign of the earlier Capets, had reigned over Béarn.

With Gaston VI begins the house of Moncade. In 1175 we find him, notwithstanding the lesson his (supposed) mother received, paying homage to Arragon; his age, sixteen, perhaps saved him from the fury of those who had chosen him. The wars of the Albigenses, which deluged in blood the South of France, were slightly felt in Béarn. Gaston, more out of friendly devotion to the king of Arragon, than from political sympathy, took part with him, but afterwards sought and obtained his reconciliation with the church. He died A.D. 1215, and was succeeded by his brother, Guillaume Reymond, "the brother of the closed hand," who, after a youth of vice, cruelty and violence, murdering his own relative, the Archbishop of Tarragona, became a most sincere, penitent and virtuous prince. He died in piety at Oloron, 1223, leaving in his will several excellent and liberal injunctions.

After the death of his son Guillaume, in the island of Majorca in an expedition against the

Moors, we find Gaston VII succeeds to the viscounty, and with him the Béarn became truly a princely and noble house.

Four queens of Europe were his nieces—the queens of Sicily, Germany, France, and England! Yes, here indeed we may find the noble family of Béarn dispersing itself and allying itself with the most powerful houses, and most glorious events of Europe and her history. In 1242, however, Garzende, mother of Gaston, goes with him to Bordeaux, to aid the English king, Henry III, who had been defeated at Taillebourg; but Edward I, demanding later the possession and occupation of Orthez, lost his friendship, and was denounced by him before Philip, King of France, as “traitor king and felon knight.” Orthez, however, came soon after into the power of the English king, as did nearly all the Duchy of Aquitania, and Gaston became a prisoner in London, having been taken by Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester.

He was released at the intercession of his niece, the queen of England, and became, on his return to his own country, the implacable enemy of the

English, besieging Bordeaux and Bayonne unsuccessfully, but recovering St. Gaudens, Miramont, &c. He was ever a bold, brave, but unsuccessful enemy against the English.

It is in his reign that the house of Lebreton or d'Albret, a house one day to give a king to France, first appears; the Grammonts also, since a powerful and noble family, appear in the quality of brigands and highway robbers—a fashionable title in those days.

Alphonso the Wise, king of Castile, after having received Edward I, as lord of Gascony and king of England, knighted on the same day Gaston VII, Rodolph of Hapsbourg, and the English monarch; but in the official list Gaston VII appears before the future emperor of Austria, which gives us some idea of the estimation Alphonso of Castille, a prince renowned in chivalry, had for him, otherwise he would not have placed the knight of Béarn before the noble Hungarian.

In his reign also, the fusion of the houses of Moncade and Foix took place. Marguerite, daughter of Gaston, was married to the count de Foix, and Gaston commanded all his subjects

to acknowledge him successor, to the exclusion of the count d'Armagnac, which they did "willingly."

It appears that Gaston hesitated a long time which of his two sons-in-law should succeed. The comte de Foix came to pay a visit, however, to his father-in-law, who is said thus to have expressed himself:—"Son-in-law, you are my heir, good, true, and loyal; my honour and the honour of this country interests you. The comte d'Armagnac never came to aid me; for that reason he forfeits, and you inherit all the lands of Béarn, you and yours for ever." Thus the counts of Foix became the lords of Béarn. Gaston VII died A.D. 1290, having reigned sixty years: he was buried at Orthez, and with him ends the family of Moncade.

Roger Bernard, the first comte de Foix and Béarn, was a brave and bold prince, much beloved by his people, and so esteemed by Philip the Bold, that he sent him, covered with honours, to fight against the Moors, under the king of Arragon. He died A.D. 1302, after a wise and peaceable reign, and was succeeded by his son, Gaston VIII, who died at Pontoise, whither he

went in 1316 to assist Louis X against the count of Flanders. His son, Gaston IX, was nephew of the king of France, and married at the early age of fifteen, Eleanor de Comminge, a lady much his senior, who, on being laughed at for such a disproportionate alliance, replied, "If I was sure to have the count de Foix for my husband, and he had not been born, I should have waited for his birth." So well did this prudent princess know that the Béarn was a jewel in any crown, and that it was a nation worthy of being ruled over by princes of the highest blood royal.

Gaston IX was so occupied in waging war for the king of France against England and Flanders, under Artevelde, that his personal history is scarcely belonging to the land of which he was ruler. During three years' truce, he came to the Béarn for a short time, but soon quitted it to fight the battles of Castille and Navarre against the Moors. He died at Algesiras, A.D. 1344, leaving his son to the care of Eleanor de Comminges—a good mother and a noble princess.

We are now at a time contemporary with Jean, called the good, son of Philip de Valois, king of France, and our Edward III and the Black

Prince. This epoch is well marked by the battles so familiar to every English child, Cressy and Poitiers. The lords of Aquitaine remained faithful to the English, with the exception of the viscounts of Béarn, who, French in heart, sentiment, and affection, ably assisted our future expulsion. They might have remained neuter, but an inglorious neutrality did not suit such noble blood. The viscounts of Béarn enrolled themselves under the banner of the Lys, and were their faithful supporters.

But I must conclude this chapter, as the President and worthy Marca goes no further in his history, ceding his place, however, to one of the best chroniclers France ever had.

Jehan, or Jean Froissart, a name well known, succeeds Marca, and luckily for the fame and glory of Gaston X, this illustrious historian resided in Orthez, where he wrote his history; and as he was under the protection of, and was treated most kindly by Gaston, no doubt Gaston X has reason to be glad of having had such a faithful and able chronicler to herald and preserve his acts. His hospitality at least was not abused, and if, as Chateaubriand says, Froissart might have omitted

one or two passages little favourable to Gaston, we may be the more glad, as we have fuller reason to believe the rest of his biography correct and unfettered.

CHAPTER II.

FROISSART, charmed with the brilliant hospitality he received at the court of Béarn, where he found, "tous chevaliers et ecuyers etrangers autour de ce gentil Seigneur," repaid his princely host with the best interest a monarch could desire, and handed down to posterity the memory of his knight, with more glowing colors than Plutarch ever gilded his heroes with.

Eleanore de Comminge was the worthy and excellent councillor of Gaston X, surnamed Phœbus,* having him taught in all the chivalrous and noble exercises of the day, so that no young Lord of England, France or Spain, could surpass him: and his intellectual qualities were not inferior to his chivalrous address.

* On account of his having the sun painted on his banner, or on account of his beauty.

Gaston made his debut against the Moors in Spain: on return from which campaign he married Agnes of Navarre, sister of Charles the Eleventh, surnamed the bad. He went subsequently to Paris, where the king of France wished him to pay homage; but Gaston replied nobly, "that it was to God alone he owed the sovereignty of Béarn; and to no other, be he count, duke, or king, would he pay homage."

The king, to shew his approbation of such high-spirited conduct, appointed him his lieutenant general in Languedoc, and he went soon after with the seigneurs of the North and South to wage war against the Jacques, a formidable body of peasantry, under the command of Guillaume Caillet, armed only with knives, and sticks loaded with iron, who, availing themselves of the English wars, and the imprisonment of Jean, had declared a war of vengeance and extermination against their lords and masters. The cruel exactions, and arbitrary conduct, of these lords had, according to M. de Chateaubriand, perhaps almost merited chastisement; but at the battle of Meau, Gaston defeated them, leaving a fearful number dead on the field. He then returned to

his own Béarn, to defend it against the English, who, after the treaty of Bretigny, A.D. 1360, under Edward III, occupied more than half of the French territory. He managed to maintain the independence of his county, and his conduct so pleased the noble Black Prince, that, when he found he could not wean him from his faithful attachment to France, he offered him his friendship. At Orthez he held grand tournaments, and gave such magnificent entertainments that all Christendom repaired to his court, which was filled with the foremost chivalry of the age,—princes, barons and knights repairing to it from the most distant and most civilized parts of the world.

Gaston had frequent and bloody disputes with the lords of Armagnac and d'Albret, but at last conquered and made them both prisoners.

In every great hero's life there is always some stain which history would wish to throw a veil over. Yet for the age he lived in, Gaston X was a great man, faithful to the king of France, whom he would not pay homage to, and as a monarch he was beloved by his own subjects; an experienced warrior; a terrible enemy; re-

nowned at home and abroad; courted by all princes; he was a great man: yet there are two spots on his memory that history cannot justify or forget.

When the Duke of Anjou came to besiege Lourdes, Pierre Arnaud de Béarn, a natural brother of Gaston's, shut himself up in the town and defended it for the English king. As the besieged held out long, Pierre Arnaud quitted his command and came to Orthez. Dining at the palace with his brother, Gaston said to him—"The defence of Lourdes by my Béarnais subjects exposes me to the rage of the Duke d'Anjou; go and give me up this place." Arnaud replied instantly—"I am poor, yet of your blood, but my faith is pledged to the king of England, and I can only give it up to him." Gaston then drew his dagger, and smote him in his rage, the poor victim crying out—"Brother, you are not very nice in your actions; you invite me to your house, and then kill me." The count then ordered the body of his brother to be buried in a ditch near where he died.

This is worse perhaps than Achilles, when he drove attached to his chariot wheels the noble

Hector before all weeping Troy, but not worse than the accused cruelties of Napoleon at Joppa, both stains on those two heroes' memory! Alexander's revenge on Apelles the painter was far nobler,—a royal act of self-denial, where pride and personal affection were both piqued.

Gaston's first crime was followed up by one still more horrible, less voluntary, perhaps, but still dreadful, and one that will never be forgot.

In the year 1377, the long quarrels between the houses of Foix and Armagnac were apparently about to be quelled by the marriage of Gaston's son with the daughter of the Lord of Armagnac. This son passed for a model of all that was brilliant; he bore also the name of Gaston, and was "tout le cœur du Père et du Pays;" the young lady was called, "la gaye Armagnaise," to distinguish her charms, her animation and grace. What prospect could be more promising than that of the two betrothed, who, by their mutual loves, seemed destined to extinguish the hatred of their respective houses.

A frightful crime destroyed these splendid dreams, and converted the sweet hopes of marriage into gloomiest woe.

Gaston had the misfortune to go and visit his mother at Pampeluna, who lived, separated from her husband, with her brother the king of Navarre. No sooner arrived, than Gaston is received with all affectionate joy, is surrounded with all that is seducing, and deluged with presents.

He was a credulous youth: though he loved his father with all tenderness, he had only just discovered a mother, and he trembled at the idea of separation. Could he doubt his mother, or the brother of his mother? could he know how much treason, and how many poisonings had darkened the history of that king?

Among the presents his uncle gave him, there was one which appeared to him above all price; it was a little bag containing an unknown powder, which on being skilfully thrown on the food of his father, was infallibly capable of bringing back the heart of that prince to his divorced wife.

That powder, the horrible artifice of Charles the bad, was a deadly poison.

Scarcely had he returned to the house of his father, than he sought the opportunity of accom-

plishing his innocent yet dreadful purpose. Discovered at the moment of attempt, he was accused of parricide, and cast into the prison of Orthez, while fifteen of his suite were put to death with cruel and unjust precipitancy.

The young prince also would have been murdered, if the heads of the state had not risen up to prevent the death of the heir to the throne of Béarn.

Political influence succeeded in obtaining what the obdurate heart of the father would have refused, and the young prince was shut up in his narrow prison, a prey to the anguishes of his disgrace, and looked upon as guilty without being able to exculpate himself to him, whom he owed his existence to.

Poor unfortunate prince! he sighed but for the death they would not accord him! How could he, always devoted to his father's wishes, endure such fearful grief? He refused nourishment, hoping to die; his keeper observed this, and sought the Comte de Foix; he told him his opinion, and ended by saying:—

“ Monseigneur, for the grace of God take care of your son, for he is dying of hunger, in the

prison where he is. I do not think he has eaten anything since he went in there, for I have seen that all I took him is placed in a corner without being touched."

Upon hearing this, the count was much afflicted: without saying a word, he went out of his room to the prison, holding, as ill chance would have it, in his hands, a small knife with which he was wont to cut his nails. He opened the prison door, and went to his son, holding the blade of his knife so close that there was not beyond his fingers the thickness of a twenty sous piece.

By some mistake, placing the small point in the neck of his son, he forced it into I know not what vein, and said, "ah traître pourquoi ne manges tu?"

The count then left the prison, without saying another word, and returned to his room. The prince was petrified and terrified at the approach of his father; besides, he was weak from fasting, and whether he saw or felt the point of the knife, which touched some vein, I know not: he only turned himself on the other side, and "incontinent il mourut."

Scarcely had the count re-entered his room, when he received word of what had happened. They told him, "Monseigneur Gaston est mort:" the count was grievously affected, and much regretted his son, saying, ah! Gaston, Gaston, what an unlucky accident for thee and me! By what fearful mistake didst thou go to see thy mother in Navarre? Never man's joy was more perfect than mine was before!

Then he sent for his barber, and was close shaved, and he and all his household put on deep mourning. The body of the young prince was then carried, amidst tears and cries of woe, to Orthez, where it was interred.

Thus ends this second murder: and it cannot be doubted since Messire Jehan Froissart is the authority, even though his quaint French is somewhat difficult to construe.

All must agree with the noble author of *Natchez*, that the hero's historian might have hid this tragic scene from posterity, but Froissart was an honest as well as a good chronicler, and by not sparing the crimes of his hero, we more certainly believe in the truth of his good actions, and appreciate them the more.

M. Mazure, after this melancholy page, says, "When Froissart, many years after, arrived at the court of Orthez, he was witness of the wonderful fêtes there held, yet no trace of such a crime, or vestige of such misfortune appeared." But let us believe the veracious Froissart once more, and assert that poor Gaston, Gaston Phœbus X, from the midst of the revelry of his court, after the dance had been the merriest, the song and laugh the happiest, retired into his chamber, and wept: for what? for his two crimes! Let us remember that in those days such crimes were laughed at, absolved and pardoned by penance: but no absolution, no penance could obliterate from the noble Gaston his brother's honesty and fidelity, or his son's innocence. The unhallowed feast partaken in sincerity, the wretched poison ministered unconsciously, preyed on his nobler feeling, and the brave old warrior, though he tried to hide, could not conceal the emotions he felt even in the midst of wild and delirious pleasure.

Let us then honor the memory of a king who, in those days, could tear himself from things present and pleasures actual, to weep and sigh

over a crime. Yes, Gaston ! well may the Béarn love your memory.

Thirteen years after the son's death, during which he was sought of by all far and near, "*car de tout pays pour la vaillance du seigneur les nouvelles y venaient,*" and Gaston X. was gathered to his fathers. Like a highlander he was innured to all hardships, and his generous hospitality and gallant deeds assembled round him the noblest knights of the epoch. He was great for the time he lived in, when all was passion, good or bad. He died A.D. 1390, after a bear hunt, in the forest of Orion ; the beast had been taken and killed, and the huntsmen entered the village to seek some repose. The room of Gaston was spread over with fresh and green reeds, to make it cooler, and two knights, attached to his person, brought him water to wash his hands. As soon as the cold water touched his hands, he became pale ; his heart and feet seemed to leap up, and he fell on his seat crying out, "*Je suis mort ; Sire Dieu, merci.*" He spoke no more, and the two knights, fearing to be accused of his murder, demanded that the water should be examined. There is little doubt

but that he died simply from having too soon after the heat of the chase imprudently sat in a cold place, where the sudden change struck him mortally.

Gaston was a poet, and a patron of *des belles Lettres* ; he wrote a work on hunting ; he improved the chateau of Pau, which remains to this day the pride of Béarn. There is no doubt we hear more of the fame of this Gaston, than of his predecessors, from the fact that one of the best French historians was contemporary with him ; and there is also as little doubt but that he was one of the most accomplished princes of his time and age.

Neither of his illegitimate sons succeeded him ; one, Ivain, became the victim of a masquerade, A.D. 1393, in which Charles VI nearly perished, and at which four lords were burnt to death by the stupidity or curiosity of the Duke d'Orleans, who let fall amidst the five dancers a large torch, which immediately set fire to their light and inflammable hoops. The king was with difficulty saved, having been recognized by the Duchess de Berry.

Mathieu de Castelbon, nephew of Phœbus, was

preferred, but never acknowledged. He died 1398, leaving his inheritance to his sister Isabelle de Foix, who was recognised as sovereign. Her rich possessions she brought in marriage to Archambaud de Grailly, of whom historians mention little more than that he was an honorable man, and that he left five sons, who all obtained some celebrity.

Gaston fought at Agincourt 1415. Archambaud was killed fighting the hereditary battles against Armagnac. Mathieu was Count of Comminge, and governor of Dauphiné. Pierre became the Bishop of Lescar : whilst Jean the eldest, was acknowledged successor to the sovereignty of the Béarn.

He married, after his mother's death, Jeanne d'Albret, the first of that name so well known in the annals of Béarn. He distinguished himself at Lourdes against the English ; he aided Arragon, and followed the fortunes of the Dauphin, until he became Charles VII, when he was appointed Governor of Languedoc. He was the companion of Jeanne d'Arc at Rheims and Orleans ; he took Lourdes from the English, and gave himself the title of Count of Bigorre ; he

took prisoner the Pope Benoît XIII at Avignon, and lodged him in one of his chateaux, refusing him Christian burial at his death, for which the rival Pope, Martin, gave Jean the title of "Avenger of the Faith," and St. Antony declares Benoît to have been antipope. He died A.D. 1436, having married secondly the Infanta of Arragon, and left behind him a great reputation, and a sovereignty full of power and renown.

His son, Gaston XI, succeeded him, and contributed much, by his courage and fidelity to Charles VII, to the expulsion of the English from France; and here I must remark, without vouching for its complete accuracy, that the Béarn, or the neighbourhood of Pau, seems to have been the eternal enemy of the English; for while other French princes fought on the side of the English, we have rarely found the viscounts of Béarn assisting them, but rather the reverse. Gaston XI attacked Bayonne, and assisted at the capture of Bordeaux, and was with Jeanne d'Arc fighting against the English.

During this prince's reign, the kingdom of Navarre became part of the crown of Béarn: this judgment in his favour, to the prejudice of

Arragon, was pronounced by Louis XI at Bayonne, who acknowledged his respect for the Béarn by saying as he passed the frontier,—“Lower the sword of France, we are no longer within its limits; we are in the Béarn.” The judgment, however, was not pronounced until after long discussions and even sanguinary collisions, when the disputing parties referred the matter to the decision of Louis.

Thus, the Haute Navarre, established A.D. 718, a short time after the occupation of Spain by the Moors, and the Basse Navarre, now part of the Basses Pyrénées, or better known as the Pays Basque, became united to the Béarn.

The Basques never spoke the language of their neighbours, the French; they were more intimately connected with the Spanish inhabitants of Guipuscoa, Biscay, Jaca, &c.; they were subject at times to the counts of Aquitaine and Gascony, at times to the kings of France, England, and Arragon, but they retired into their vallies and fastnesses, like the Highlanders—ever fighting for liberty, and personally maintaining it, for it was difficult to follow them.

Even to-day the peasantry of Béarn speak a patois which has neither grammar nor dictionary to regulate it, and although it may be as old as their mountains, and as musical as it is beloved, still the Béarnais must cede his *patois* to a language. Such the Basque is, and of most antique origin, traced by some savants to the Sanscrit, Persian, or Phœnician, and by others considered to bear a strong resemblance to the old Irish. Although the texts of the old "Fors" or laws, of Morlaàs, Oloron, and Lescar, date as far back as the eleventh century, they only prove the patois to have been a dialect of some other mother tongue. Gaston Phœbus, as I before mentioned, left a book on hunting, which was written in old French, and but one effort of his muse in native patois. These mountains and vallies had, no doubt, their poetry, but, like the songs of the old troubadours, they were probably improvisatorial, or, at the best, traditional bursts of native imagination—simple, and yet exquisitely touching. Despourrins, born A.D. 1700, the sweet and cherished poet of the Béarn, composed his soft and lovely melodies in native patois, but it was

for others, and amongst them, M. Rivares, of Pau, to fix the words intelligibly on paper, or even transmit them to posterity in metrical rhyme.

We know too well that in small principalities, jealousy and division create fearful ravages, therefore there was need of reunion, as the Bayonnais (long a faithful ally of the English), were constantly at feud with the Basques. And we may mention with pride our Black Prince, who, during these bloody disputes, approved of the principle which condemned his tributaries to pay a fine to the Basques, for having, at the celebration of a feast, attached five brave souls to the arches of the bridge of Villefranque. This barbarous deed was committed by a seigneur of Puyane, who laughing at their cries of distress, said, "that he wanted to see if the ocean tide came up really as high as it was reported to do." They were all five drowned by the experiment.

Bayonne seldom came in direct conflict with the Béarn ; it was always a part of the duchy of Aquitain, belonging at one moment to the English, and at another to the French. The ancient Lapurdum (a name which would seem to signify a vast desert) in the eleventh century was ex-

changed to Bayonne—"the good bay or port," and it was, throughout the sway of the English in France, one of the most faithful cities of that power, and received, by its direct communication with England, a spirit of liberty and a commercial impetus, which it could not have obtained under another rule. It became quite an English city: the advantages derived from its direct connexion with, and the free institutions granted by the English, so bound the city to its protector, that, notwithstanding frequent efforts made to separate it from its foreign lord, during three centuries, it remained true and faithful.

Alphonse of Castille, in 1205, entering into Gascony with a numerous army, in vain endeavoured to gain over from their loyal allegiance the brave inhabitants. It was the great entry into Spain, by which all the cavaliers who wished to war against the infidel Moors passed; this circumstance gave it great importance and caused much traffic. The numerous vessels trading backwards and forwards, the commerce in wine, and its fisheries, rendered it an important place; no wonder then, that the contented "bourgeoisie" remained true to our Edward, when Gaston VII

endeavoured to occupy it. He may have done so for a moment, but it was immediately retaken, and remained true till 1450, when Charles VII retook it, Gaston XI being the leader of the storming party. Then it became a French city; and I am sorry to observe my authority attributes the successful result of this as well as of all Charles the seventh's victories, to the will of God, through his shepherd Jeanne d'Arc.

Thus Bayonne became, by a Viscount of Béarn's success, a French city, and by whom better than a Béarnais, could it have been taken?

Gaston XI, acknowledged heir of Navarre, Count of Foix, Bigorre, Marsan, and lord of numerous possessions in Gascony, at the height of prosperity, transferred A.D. 1461 his residence to the chateau of Pau, which he repaired and beautified—converting a fortress into a princely edifice, adorned with gardens and parks. He died in 1471 at Roncevaux, when on his way to check a revolt which had broken out in the Haute Navarre: he was buried at Orthez.

His eldest son, who would have been Gaston XII, was killed before his father's death at a tournament: and it has been remarked that a strange

fatality attended the princes of Béarn at the tournaments of the French court.

This Gaston also left a son, François Phœbus, who when scarce out of his cradle, was made King of Navarre and Viscount of Béarn. With his mother, Madelaine, daughter of Charles VII of France, he went to receive the homage of the ambassadeurs of Navarre. The gates of Pam-peluna flew open, and the people sang songs of joy. But his career was short: he was taken ill whilst playing the flute, and was carried off at the early age of sixteen; his last words were,—“ My kingdom is not of this world; weep not for me, I go to my father.” He was buried at Lescar.

Catherine, his only sister, took the oaths and was proclaimed sovereign. For a long time it was disputed who should be the fortunate husband of the princess, and it was not till 1491 that Jean d'Albret was definitively chosen, and preferred to all the princes of France. The pretensions of her uncle, Jean de Narbonne, supported by the ever hostile family of Grammont, fell to the ground, and the attempt to poison Madelaine, mother of the young queen, proved abortive. A short time after their marriage, the young pair

went to Pampeluna to be crowned sovereigns of Navarre; and afterwards Jean d'Albret went to the court of Louis XII to form an alliance with him, on account of intestine dissensions, fomented by Ferdinand King of Castille, between the houses of Grammont and Beaumont—dissensions which ravaged the country; but owing to a bull of the Pope, Jules II, and his own pusillanimity, Louis deserted him, and the Pope left the Haute Navarre to the first comer, who soon appeared in the person of the Duke d'Alba, acting in the name of Ferdinand, King of Castille and Arragon.

Thus Jean d'Albret, 1512, lost his kingdom of Haute Navarre, but retained all that part known as the Basse Navarre, which is on this side of the Pyrénées, although later the council of Toulouse would have confiscated the sovereignty of Béarn, because Jean had attacked a lord of Carmaing and burnt the chateau of Coaraze. But Jean, with all his brave Béarnais, rose up to resent their conduct, demanding an apology; and after serious discussion, Louis XII, who was appealed to, recognized the independence and sovereignty of Béarn. Thus, this weak prince, while he lost part of his kingdom, consolidated the rest: he

died, 1516, having once vainly attempted to regain the lost Navarre.

His wife, Catherine, who appears to have been a good and brave princess, died soon after; her last looks were turned towards the dear Navarre she had lost, and where she wished to be buried. She is reported to have said to her husband on the occasion of his reverses,—“Hadst thou been born Katherine, and I Jean, we should not have lost Navarre.”

Henri d'Albret, First of Béarn, Second of Navarre, at the early age of twelve succeeded; after having, under his Centaur in chivalry, Alain d'Albret, perfected himself in all manly exercises, he repaired to the court of François I, took part in that monarch's war against Charles Quint, Emperor of Austria, and obtained from him an army to reconquer Haute Navarre. Pampeluna, where Ignace de Loyala (founder of the Jesuits, that order so well known, and so much to be hated) was wounded, Ronceveaux and other towns fell into his hands, yet all his efforts, appear only to have secured his possessions in the Basse Navarre.

The faithful friend and ally of François in good or bad fortune, Henri followed that king into

Italy, and at the fatal battle of Pavia, A.D. 1525, where 10,000 French with the flower of nobility fell, he with the king his friend, was taken prisoner. Though unable to share his captivity, for François was taken to Madrid, and he was confined at Pavia, it was all for the best, for Henri escaped under the following romantic circumstances: "A young page slept in the bed of his master, while he, with the aid of a ladder of ropes, and under favor of darkness, got down from the summit of the tower and bent his way towards the frontiers of France. 'Let me sleep,' said the devoted page, when the keeper came in the morning to open the curtains and make sure of his prisoner, and the keeper went away without discovering the fraud, thus giving the gallant fugitive time."

The royal companion of Henri d'Albret was not so fortunate as his brother at arms; for he waited long in the dismal prison of Madrid, before he received his liberty, which all Christendom demanded, and for which Henri toiled incessantly. After his liberation, their bonds of friendship were cemented still stronger, for Henri married the sister of François I, widow of the traitor

Duke d'Alencon, who had so shamefully deserted his king at Pavia.

This celebrated Queen of Navarre, Marguerite of Valois, the Marguerite of Marguerites as she was called, was known all over France as a woman of talent, and the agreeable authoress of the *Heptameron*, &c.. She brought to her husband a noble dowry, viz., the duchies of Alencon and Nemours, and the county of Armagnac, and through her that inveterate enemy of the Béarn became at last united under the same bannier.

Thus we find the Béarn recompensed for the loss of the Haute Navarre by these important additions, and it is interesting to see, that what she lost under one king was replaced by larger possessions under another.

But now we arrive at a melancholy period: we have cursorily traced the history of Béarn through the darkness of the middle ages to the light of modern times. Towards the end of Henri d'Albret's reign, a revolution, of all the most horrible,—a religious revolution, broke out to overthrow the ancient order of affairs. Henri himself wavered a long time between the Catholic and the Reformed religion.

Whilst domestic affairs were prospering under Henri d'Albret, and he was gradually reforming the laws of Béarn, the war of religion (lit by Luther in Germany, and fanned into flames by Calvin over France,) came to divide kings and princes, and deluge the world in blood.

The new doctrines, at first heard with indifference by the common people of Béarn, had reached the ears of its princes, and by them were received with favour. Many preachers, persecuted by François I, found refuge at the court of Nerac where the queen, Marguerite, resided. She had; at her brother's court, already shewn a predilection for the reformed psalms of Clement Marot, her master and rival in poetry.

Amongst those who fled from the butchers of the French king to the court of Navarre, was Roussel, one of the leading reformers in France, and one who had the greatest influence in the religious destinies of Béarn. Roussel soon obtained the confidence of the Queen of Navarre, and found, with Calvin, a safe retreat under her protection. Everywhere these ministers of the reformed religion established themselves, and sowed boldly the seeds of truth in the field of

superstition. The queen went even so far as to create Roussel Bishop of Oloron, where he was not long in converting his flock.

But here the king began to interfere, and passed several edicts to check the advance of the reformers; he even insulted the queen in her own chamber, saying, with a box on the ears—"Madame, you wish to know too much of these things." Marguerite, however, took no notice of his edicts, and Roussel remained Bishop of Oloron to the day of his death.

Such was the beginning of the reform in Béarn from 1530 to 1550, fostered by the Marguerite of Marguerites; but later we shall see the storm burst out, which had been quietly and gradually lowering, and was only repressed in its fury by royal protection, to be perhaps fomented by royal zeal.

Marguerite and Henri had but one child, Jeanne, the object of all their care and anxiety. Who was to be the fortunate prince who should inherit, with her splendid possessions, the precocious talents which rendered her the worthy child of her mother? The noblest rivals demanded her of François I, at whose court she was

residing; the King of Spain wanted her for his son; François married her to the Duke de Cleves. Jeanne was then but a child, but on the advices of her faithful servants, she protested so strongly against the husband whom the king of France had given her, that the marriage, with the consent of all parties, was finally annulled.

The King of Navarre, once more master of his daughter, and able to choose for himself, married her soon after to Antoine, Duke de Vendôme, the head of the Bourbons.

By this marriage, we see the heiress of Navarre united to a descendant of St. Louis, and from a personal history, the history of the Béarn is soon to be launched into the general history of France.

The marriage of Jeanne was celebrated at Moulins A.D. 1548; it gave the greatest joy to the Béarn, but that joy was soon tempered by the news of the death of their beloved queen Marguerite, at the chateau of Odos, a very short time after the marriage, A.D. 1550. "Vous êtes une des gloires du Béarn, votre chère patrie d'adoption," says M. Mazure: "we shall love to see you again, not with the royal diadem of a daughter

of France, but as the muse of your age, giving to the Béarn the sweet flowers of French poetry ; and in the park of your chateau at Pau, and in the magnificent gardens you planned and ornamented, waking the echoes with your elegant compositions."

Henri d'Albret survived her only a short time, but before his death Providence gave him a blessed sight: the old man lived long enough to see the august infant, destined to wear the diadem of united France, and whom all the world since has admired, born to his daughter,—to his Béarn ; and therefore, before I consign him to the tomb, where his many virtues may allow him to sleep quietly, I must introduce the circumstances attending the birth of his grandchild, the immortal glory of his country.

I cannot do better than imitate M. Mazure, who copies nearly word for word the interesting events attached to Henry the Fourth's birth from André Favyn, a contemporary of that monarch ; and if I may therefore translate nothing new, I may at least be correct, having also as a guide, "l'Education d'Henrie IV, par M. D——," a Béarnais, who wrote A.D. 1790. The most

glorious epoch in Béarn's history *should* be told by a Béarnais: the name so dear, so touching and cherished, wakes in his heart a thousand fond emotions. "Lou nouste Henric," who wished that every man should eat "La poule au pot" on every Sunday, and who loved the land where he was born, and where his early years were passed, so affectionately, deserves a native historian to herald his birth.

"The Princess of Navarre, finding herself far advanced in pregnancy, took leave of her husband, and left Compiègne, on the Oise, on the 15th November 1553. She passed through France to the Pyrénées, and arrived at Pau where her father, the King of Navarre, was, on the eighteenth day of her voyage.

"The King Henri had made his will, and the princess his daughter, wished to see it, because she had been told that it was not in her favour, but rather in favour of a lady who had gained the empire over her father. Although she tried every means in her power, it was impossible to procure a sight of it, particularly as on her arrival she found her father ill, and therefore did not dare to speak to him about it.

“But the arrival of his good daughter, as he was wont to call her, gave him pleasure, and set him right again.

“This princess was endowed with good sound sense, formed by reading of good books, to which she was much given: her art was so sprightly that no one could complain of ennui in her society: learned and eloquent, as the princesses of her age, she followed in the footsteps of her mother, and became mistress of all the ‘belles connoissances’ of the period.

“The king having heard that she desired to see his will, told her, that he would show it her, when she showed him what she bore in her womb: and taking out of his cabinet a large box locked, with a chain of gold, large enough to go round the neck some twenty-five or thirty times, encircling it, he opened the box, and showed her the will.

“But he showed it her at a distance, and then having locked it up again, said to her:—‘That box shall be thine, and all that is within, and in order that thou may’st not have a squalling or sulky babe, I promise to give thee all, on condition that thou sing’st me a Béarnaise air during

thy pains: and also when thou shal'st be in thy pains, I wish to be with thee.

“He had lodged the princess on the second floor of the chateau: his own room was exactly above that of his daughter. To take care of her he gave her one of his old ‘valets de chambre,’ named Cotin, whom he ordered not to stir from the princess, night or day, to serve her in her room, and to come and let him know the moment the pains of childbirth should begin, not to fail to do so, even though he should be fast asleep.

“Ten days after the arrival of the princess at Pau, the pains seized her between midnight and one o'clock on St. Lucy's day, 18th of December, 1553. The king informed by Cotin, came down immediately: and the princess, who heard the steps of her father, as he came into her room, began directly to sing the Béarnais song which the women sing in their labour—

‘Nouste Dame deou cap deou poun,
Adjoudat me à d'aqueste hore,’—

‘Our lady from the end of the bridge, help me at this hour.’ One sees all over Gascony, at the end of all the bridges, a little chapel dedicated to

the Virgin, called for this reason, 'Notre Dame deou cap deou poun.'

"At the end of the bridge crossing the Gave, to Jurançon, there existed then a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, remarkable for its miracles, and at which it was the custom for women in the family-way to make a vow, in hopes of a quick and safe delivery.

"The King of Navarre continued the words—'Intreat the God of heaven that he will deliver me as quick as possible: that he may give me a son: everything, even unto the mountain tops implores him,' and had scarcely finished when his daughter gave birth to the prince who rules over Béarn to-day.

"Then this good king, full of great joy, put the chain of gold round her neck, and the box, where the will was, in her hand, saying to her—'These are for you, my daughter, but this is for me,'—and, taking the new born babe in its long dress, he carried it off to his own room, where he made them 'emmailloter'* it. This little

* *Emmailloter*, i.e. to put the new born child in a "maillot," which is the custom even to-day in the Béarn. The "maillot" is the same as the "strabourgeoise" of to-day.

prince came into the world without crying out or weeping, and the first nourishment he received was from the hands of his grandfather, who took a piece of garlic, and rubbed his little lips with it, and then in his golden cup he presented him with some wine, which when the infant smelt, he raised his little head; and the king then dropped in his mouth one drop, which he swallowed, without making a face, very well.

“The good old king, delighted at this, said before all the ladies and gentlemen in the room—‘Tu seras un vrai Béarnais,’ at the same time kissing the little one in its nurse’s arms.

“The baby was difficult to rear: eight nurses were tried, and it was the eighth that had that honor. He was nursed at Bilhère by a woman named Lassansaa, whose family still exists there, and the Queen Jeanne built a little bower at the end of the park, that she might have the pleasure of seeing the house where the healthy peasant nursed her dear treasure. The house where he was suckled still exists, with the dilapidated inscription—*Saube garde deu rey*.

When he was weaned, his grandfather ap-

pointed Madame Suzanne de Bourbon, Baroness of Miossens, his governess.

This barony is situated amongst the mountains of Corraaze, near the little town of Nay; it was in these wild and mountainous places that the young prince was brought up and educated, not tenderly, but like a peasant, inured to eat hot or cold things, to go without hat or shoes, with the young children of the country; so that having from early youth been hardened to danger and labour, and not to the refinements of a court, we need not be astonished that he proved as invincible in war as the great Alexander.

“The king, his grandfather, observing in his tender age, that mildness and magnanimity which afterwards characterized him always in his actions, prophesied that the child would become a generous lion, and that he would make the Spaniards, his neighbours and mortal enemies, tremble: and when the barons and lords of the country came to salute this noble scion of the ‘fleur de Lys,’ he could not help saying in Spanish—‘Mire, agora esta oueia pario un leone.’—‘*Look, how the lamb has given birth to a lion.*’ To

understand this, I must explain that when Jeanne, Henri the Fourth's mother was born, the Spaniards of Fuentarabia exclaimed, mockingly, 'milagro, la vacca hijo una oueia.'—'a miracle! the cow (Marguerite) has brought forth a sheep,'—alluding to the arms of Béarn—'*a cow.*'"

We have been somewhat lengthy in the details attending the birth of Henri IV, but everything is interesting in his noble life. The history of the Viscounts of Béarn belong to the Béarn alone: the prince, whose birth we have just recorded, belongs to France.

One year after the grand joy he felt on receiving the present of his daughter Jeanne, the illustrious King of Navarre, Henri d'Albret, died A.D. 1555, at the age of 53. He was the last monarch to sleep in Lescar. The vaults of St. Denis are to receive his heirs.

CHAPTER III.

ANTOINE DE BOURBON, husband of Jeanne de Navarre, and father of Henri IV is proclaimed King of Navarre and Sovereign of Béarn. It was a splendid sight—that ceremony which took place in the grand hall of the chateau de Pau, one fine day in 1555. All the first dignitaries of the Church and the nobility were assembled in their splendour, “to wake,” as it were, the recollections of a fitting epoch, the feudal system.

Above all, the Calvinists, proud of the secret opinions of their princes, appeared boldly and without fear. The populace, ever greedy to receive novelties, was under the charm of that intoxication,

which had induced so many to listen to the Reformation. The austerity of manners, the puritanical demeanour, astonished a people always ready to devote themselves to their princes. Though Jeanne and Antoine took their oaths according to the Roman Catholic ceremonies, they had, notwithstanding, made their engagements with the reformers, and only waited a convenient moment to pronounce their opinions publicly.

That moment had not yet arrived: Antoine could not face the King of France at the very instant the latter was about to conclude a treaty with Spain, which threatened to compromise the interests of Navarre. But, when after a voyage to the court of France, and a bootless expedition against Spain, Antoine re-entered Béarn, blasted in his hopes, he then ceased to check the reformers, who were protected by the highest dignitaries, and even by Louis d'Albret, Bishop of Lescar.

When at the early age of five years, the little Henri was with his father and mother at the court of France; his face was charming, and his figure elegant. On being asked by Henri II, "Voulez vous être mon fils?" the prince an-

swered in Béarnais, "It is he who is my father." (pointing to Antoine, King of Navarre.)*

The tragical death of Henri II, in 1559, at the tournament of St. Antoine, where he was killed by Montgomery, his captain of the guard; the sway of the Guises, the inveterate foes of the Huguenots; the first signs of that formidable league, which, under the third son of Henry II, Henry III, shed over France so much blood, dissension and terror; induced the King of Navarre to reveal himself, with the Prince de Condé, his brother, as the political chief of the reformed religion.

After the failure of the conspiracy at Amboise, 1559, the two brothers were arrested at Orleans, by order of François II, as conspirators.

The Prince of Condé was condemned (according to Olhagary) to have his head cut off before the house of the king; Antoine de Bourbon was to be assassinated by the king himself. For this end, he feigned to be ill, and ordered him to come up to his room; he wanted to have a dis-

* "Eh bien! will you be my son-in-law?" "With pleasure," he replied; and this marriage was later accomplished.

pute with him, and then, assisted by those of the Guise faction who, hid by the tapestry, were to listen to the trial of this tragedy, to smite him with his own hand.

Antoine was about to enter, when the Duchess de Montpensier stopped him, and disclosed the plot; he therefore retired; but, being summoned a second time before the king, he decided to go, saying to his captain of the guard, "I go to the place where they have conspired to kill me, but never was a skin so dearly sold as mine will be. If it pleases God, He will save me; if not, I entreat you, by the fidelity I have ever found in you, to grant me this last service—that, if I die, you will take my shirt, and will carry it all bloody to my wife and son, and conjure my wife, by the love she always bore me, and by her duty, since my son is not yet of age, to avenge me; to send my stabbed and bloody shirt to all the Christian princes, to avenge my blood."

The prince appeared before the king: Cardinal de Lorraine shut the door after him; he replied so cautiously to the threats of François II, that he let him depart without attempting to do him injury; on which the Duke de Guise said, "Behold the greatest coward that ever existed."

During this conspiracy, the streets of Amboise actually ran blood: the death of the principal persons was reserved for after dinner, to amuse the ladies. The Cardinal of Lorraine, insisted on the death of Condé; François resisted, and suddenly fell ill and died, having been poisoned (as some would prove) by the Huguenots; but most probably, by Catherine de Medicis, his own mother, or her obedient hell-hounds. Catherine releases the Condé, on condition that his brother, Antonie de Bourbon, renounces his pretensions to the throne. The Italian was capable of anything, having been, for upwards of twenty years, humbled, she was now, like a tigress, by the death of her husband, Henry II, eager to lap up all the blood her vindictive and diabolical nature revelled in.

The conspiracy of Amboise was against the Guises—religion the pretext: it failed, and Antoine de Bourbon, a man of great courage but little heart, returned to the faith he had once renounced; while Jeanne, his wife, who from the commencement had blamed the Calvinistic ardour of her husband, abjured papacy, to embrace openly the reformed religion.

The object of this change in the King of Na-

varre's religious opinions was his desire to obtain the regency of the kingdom, as also the kingdom of Sardinia; but being obliged to renounce that ambitious idea, he contented himself with the empty title of Lieutenant General. He then formed, with the Guise and Montmorency, that union, called by the Protestants the Triumvirate, and so became once more a Roman Catholic, and vassal of the King of France, Charles IX. Separated entirely from his brave Béarnais, he made war against the Protestants, and died fighting against them at Rouen, 1562—a proper death for such an apostate—killed by the very party he had once encouraged and commanded, and had afterwards so basely deserted.

The cunning Italian had at this moment nearly become Protestant, in order to overthrow the Guise faction; Coligny was admitted to the council of the regency, and Catherine dictated to her son, Charles, the order which invested her with the regency.

The massacre of Vassy, where the Duke of Guise at the prayer of his mother, Antoinette de Bourbon, murdered more than 1200 persons assembled at prayers, crying out “tue! tue! mon

Dieu, tuez ces Huguenots"—and the battle of Dreux, where the Prince of Condé was taken prisoner and the protestants routed, were some of the horrors of this period.

But we are not writing the history of France—we must confine ourselves to the Béarn, and retrace our steps to Jeanne, the wife and heiress of Antoine de Bourbon.

After his death, Jeanne, who returned to the Béarn, was forced to leave the little prince, her son, at the French Court: but she chose for him an excellent tutor, named La Gaucherie, a man of great talent, severe, and virtuous; one, who after his religion, honored and loved his country. La Gaucherie's system of education was to represent to his pupil the great heroes of ancient ~~fame~~, or to take two characters, and after representing each, demand his opinion on their different merits.—Rarely, says La Gaucherie, did my young pupil judge wrong. La Gaucherie having one day read to him the history of the revolt of the Constable de Bourbon, the prince grew pale with anger, then blushed, and said at last with tears in his eyes, "I could never have thought a Bourbon capable of such cowardice—I strike him out of

the list of my relatives in the genealogy of my family."

Jeanne ordered the observance of the reformed religion in all her possessions. Calvinistic preachers went through all the Béarn and Navarre, in the name of God and the Queen, announcing the new doctrines of salvation: the people listened anxiously, and at last received them faithfully.

A portion of the noblesse however resisted; the priests, who had remained faithful, trembled at the intentions of the Queen, and the Cardinal d'Armagnac, the pontifical nuncio in the Béarn, endeavoured to worst her by discussions; but her eloquent though somewhat puritanical answer is most energetic.

"As to the reformation which I began at Pau and Lescar, and which I intended to extend over the whole of my kingdom, I learnt it from the Bible, which I have studied more than its professed teachers. You accuse me of having committed most dreadful horrors: cast out the beam out of thine own eye, to see the mote in thy neighbour's; cleanse the earth of the just blood you and yours have shed. I will not approve of what, under the shadow of true religion,

is often done to the great regret of well-minded people ; for I am one who crieth rather for vengeance against those who have polluted the true religion.

“ As to ancient books, it is true I am a woman, and do not know all things ; but I have seen all, as well as you, and do not believe your interpretations better than my own. As to what you say about our having left the old doctrines to follow apostates, away with ye ! ye, who have rejected the holy milk, which the late queen, my mother, nourished you with, before that the honors of Rome had obstructed your understanding.”

We see how rudely handled the poor cardinal was by this royal professor. She was not armed with a perfumed glove and with a leaden gauntlet to astound her adversary, but put him under her feet as a victim to insult, without deigning to crush ;—“ A cardinal so old, and yet so ignorant ! yea, really, I am ashamed of you.” And she told him once, “ In my Béarn I only know one to whom I am accountable, my God.”

Jeanne continued to introduce the reformed religion into her country, and gave all posts of importance to the Calvinists, and at last, in 1556,

was on the point of prohibiting the Roman Catholic religion to be practised. Too zealous in her cause, by her precipitancy, she brought on severe troubles, and her conduct created much irritation at the court of France.

Charles IX, with his mother, Catherine de Medicis, had gone to Bayonne, to hold an interview with Isabella, of Spain, and the Duke of Alba. Jeanne went to meet them, and left them in indignation, having discovered that they were already proposing the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew. The savage Duke of Alba recommended, that not a chief of the Huguenots should escape, saying, "The head of one salmon is worth the heads of one hundred frogs."

Coligny and the Condé armed their followers. Jeanne d'Albret takes no part in this war. The battle of St. Denis is fatal to the Protestants; but Anne de Montmorency is killed. The city of Orleans is seized by the Huguenots; a false peace is concluded, and Jeanne d'Albret retires with her son, and the chief reformers, into La Rochelle.

Civil wars are ever fearful, but religious wars are terrible and dreadful; never ceasing till the weaker party is vanquished. The Condé does

wonders at the battle of Jarnac, but is taken prisoner ; and being recognised by one Montesquion, is murdered ; and our Henri of Navarre, though only seventeen years old, is named *generalissimo* of the Huguenots.

In 1572, Jeanne goes to Paris to prepare for the marriage of her son Henri, with Marguerite de France, daughter of Henri II, and Catherine de Medicis ; but during the year she dies, indirectly with little doubt murdered by Catherine, who had ordered her perfumer, René, to sell her poisoned gloves, the scent of which would kill her. The Admiral Coligny is shot at and wounded by another of Catherine's assassins ; on hearing which, poor Charles, who was a mere tool in the hands of his diabolical mother, cried out, " Shall I never have peace and quiet ? "

Catherine, alarmed at the interest Charles displayed on hearing of the wound of Coligny, told him he was surrounded with enemies ; without power or authority ; that every body and thing was against him, and that therefore he ought to order the death of Coligny, and a few chiefs of the Huguenots. Tavannes, and others present at court, vehemently supported this opinion, but

Charles stops them with "Silence! Since it seemeth good to you to kill the Admiral, I wish it; but with him, kill all the Huguenots in France, that there may not remain one to reproach me. Give the orders directly."

Thus did this young prince sign the fatal massacre of Bartholomew for the next day, the 24th of August, 1572. His impious mother urged and exasperated him, and aided by demons like her depraved self, so well versed in Italian machiavelism, the signal was given, and the butchery commenced.

This horrible and wholesale murder of a people by their king, is not within the limits of this little book. The fearful day is only necessary to be recalled to us as on it Henri de Béarn and Navarre, played an important part, and had to take his share in the troubles of that bloody period.

But before I go on with this tragic scene, we must take one last review of the noble Jeanne.

She had effected her passage, after innumerable narrow escapes, through Gascony, and taken refuge in Rochelle; but before her death had she done nothing for the faith she had chosen, and

the religion she so nobly defended? Charles IX had declared his resolution to seize the Béarn; a revolt against the queen took place in the Bigorre; the parliaments of Bordeaux and Toulouse condemned her lands to be confiscated; French forces entered Béarn; the civil war then became fearful; fire and blood desolated the country, and the authority of Jeanne was at an end. Though the Béarn was subdued by the French arms, it still asserted its independence, and addressed to the king of France a declaration against the pretensions of the parliaments of Toulouse and Bordeaux. It shewed that during 800 years it had been free and independent; that no foreign prince had the right to receive the homage of their nation; that the king of France might be looked upon as their protector, but never as their sovereign.

Jeanne, though absent from her kingdom, and from her faithful subjects, who fought and bled for her, was not inactive, nor did her courage fail her. She gave to her brother-in-law, the Condé, her jewels to convert into money—Elizabeth of England was the pawnbroker. The news of the disasters in the Béarn reached her in due course:

she did not give in, but despatched Montgomery to fight her cause.

We have before mentioned this Montgomery. It was he who, at the tournament of St. Antoine, having twice refused the combat, had the misfortune to kill Henri II. Obligated to leave the court, he became Calvinist. He had defended Rouen in 1562, when Antoine de Bourbon and Navarre was killed. Jeanne knew what she might expect from a man ready to dare and undertake anything, and she therefore invested him with full power to re-conquer her Béarn from the French.

He levied a large army in the county of Foix, was joined by a brilliant chivalry, passed the Gave at Coraaze, reached the little city of Navarrenx, which had so nobly held out for its Queen ; and lastly, sword in hand, he carried Orthez.

There a horrible slaughter took place. Those who resisted, those who fled ; all—even, I am sorry to say, the priests—were murdered. But remember, the devouring sword of religious persecution had just passed over the same lands, and Papal authorities are silent on their own black doings. Perhaps the first slaughter was not less

cruel or fanatic than the second, and this was the vengeance.

They say that the victims were thrown into the Gave, and that such as escaped drowning, were butchered by the troops. Too true, perhaps! for these were the days of poisonings, murders, crimes, and horrors. These were the days when the altars of God ran blood, and the religion of Jesus (who came on earth to save, and not to kill), was but the spur to barbarous cruelty.

But success so completely attended Montgomery, that in less than fifteen days after his entering Béarn, he had reduced Pau, Oloron, and Nay; and with a force of only 4,000 men, had conquered all the combined French forces.

After victory came the re-action. Woe to those who had taken part with the French troops against Navarre! Then execution was certain; and Montgomery asserts, that he only followed out the exact instructions of Jeanne, who, it would appear, was not too pitiful; but she must have been more than woman not to have profited by her successes at such a time, and against a Medicis.

Whilst the work of death was going on, the ruffian soldiers of Montgomery, in wanton sacri-

lege, opened the old tombs, and filled them with the newly dead bodies. Even Gaston de Foix, who had once made all who approached him bow to his will, was disinterred, and exposed to view. His skull was used as a ball, to play at nine-pins with, by the inhuman soldiers. Gaston Phoebus, whom we have seen so glorious! is it possible thy own countrymen thus forget their once glorious chieftain?

We see, unfortunately, that the Protestants, taught by fearful precedents, abused their conquest, and thought only of vengeance. Many priests were converted: those who remained true to Rome left their country, followed by all ranks, and each sex, into the densest forests. A large proportion fled into Spain, where the Duke de Medina Cæli generously received them. This same Duke afterwards offered the same generous asylum to the Protestants, when they in their turn, were in adversity, saying, "He regarded the Béarnais as his countrymen."

Poor Béarn! what didst thou not suffer during all these horrors? Whichever way the wind blew, the storm alighted on you. Whether the Catholic was uppermost, or Protestant victorious,

your blood was shed, and perhaps either party equalled the other in cruelty and barbarity. A thousand pities, Jeanne of Navarre, that you were not at Pau, instead of at Rochelle. Had you seen the miseries of your country, had you beheld the distress of your people, you would not have permitted all that occurred, nor entrusted to cruel and bigot lieutenants a task your royal self should have completed.

Jeanne came back once more to her own Béarn after the short peace, mentioned above, was concluded, and was received with transport by the larger part of her people; but did she deserve this demonstration of affection? I fear me, though she acted as she thought best, though she battled for freedom of thought, and liberty of conscience, and wished to trample her heretical enemies under her feet, she sometimes forgot her own land in her own personal griefs and trials.

But she had to deal with the Italian, with the Italian's advisers, with a court where perfidy and truth were synonymes;—where daggers, stilettoes, poison, and assassinations were fashionable amusements. She had to war against fanatics and civilian bigots; to defend her own life, and sup-

port her own creed; and it was a difficult and dangerous task in those days. She was a princess, like our Elizabeth, of a strong mind, a firm intellect, and of a moral courage no difficulties could subdue; and if we lament her intolerance, we must remember the cruelties she experienced, and the vengeance her persecution called for.

Above all, if she erred, pardon and forgive her, O Béarn! for she gave you your best monarch, and France one of her grandest kings. She died, in her desire to do him good, by the hand of her who was to be the mother-in-law of her son.

CHAPTER IV.

HENRI D'ALBRET, by the death of his mother, had become king of the Béarn and Navarre. By his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, only six days before, he had escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and by a forced and pretended renunciation of his mother's faith, he had procured for himself a golden captivity at the court of his mother-in-law, the Italian.

He had already been proclaimed Chief of the Huguenots, and generalissimo of their forces; but the "mass or death," that fearful choice, backed by a thousand daggers, by a brother's threats, and the sight of so many bleeding victims, forced him to write to the Pope, and demand his pity.

Did the Massacre of St. Bartholomew exterminate the Protestants? No! Though lopped of its branches, and denuded by the wintry blast of its gorgeous foliage, the Reformation waited

only the returning spring to shoot forth more vigorous than ever. Two millions, whom persecution could not deter, swelled the number of the Huguenots, and the weak author of that tragic night's work, died soon after, a prey to the most excruciating agonies; abandoned by all the world, save ONE NURSE of the very religion he had so persecuted!

Charles IX was succeeded by his brother, Henri III, whom Henri de Navarre went to meet at Lyons, and swore eternal fidelity to. His guards (for he had been the splendid prisoner of Catherine de Medicis), were then removed, and the two princes lived on terms of greatest intimacy. Hating the Guise faction and the Huguenots alike, Henri III made peace with neither.

The Huguenots, under the Duke d'Alençon, were again assaulted in 1575. Henri de Navarre escapes from court, and retires to his own government. He abjures the Catholic religion, which he had been forced to embrace, and procures for the Protestants the right to exercise their public worship, by the edict of Poitiers.

The Guise faction establishes a league against this permission granted to the Huguenots, and

Henri III declares himself its chief, after having but so lately passed an edict which allowed them the privilege of publicly exercising their religion.

The King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé put themselves at the head of the Protestants of Languedoc, but the King of France levied three armies, and repulsed them. In the Béarn, at one time one religion, at another time the other prevailed; and Henri de Navarre, constantly occupied on the field of battle, or in directing the affairs of the Reformers, held his court at Nerac, near Agen, whither he retired to recruit himself after his campaigns, and to come forth again more formidable against his enemies.

He appointed his favourite sister, Catherine de Bourbon, one of the most accomplished princesses of her time, to be his Regent in the Béarn, and named the Baron de Navailles, and Arnaud de Gontaut, lieutenant-generals under her orders, each in his turn. For many years Catherine was really the only sovereign of Navarre; Henri only now and then interfering by the promulgation of some edict or decree, in the management of her administration.

He now and then paid her a visit. During a

short time in 1579, the papers preserved in the archives of Pau attest his having spent some time there. And very curious these papers are, shewing how well organised his private establishment was. What strict economy and order regulated his movements ; how many pages, servants, and horses he paid and fed ; how he spent his time, going here, there, and everywhere ; how he sought with pleasure the old haunts of his infancy, and indulged in the sports and scenes of his first affections ; and how he was received everywhere by the inhabitants with devotion.

Marguerite, wife of Henri de Navarre, had been dismissed from the Court of France for her bad conduct : a quaint reason in a court where Henri III reigned, and Catherine de Medicis ruled. Henri de Navarre, like a brave man and a warrior, jealous of a wife's honour, demands an apology for this insult, which is formally granted him. There is too much reason to believe the accusation may have been just ; but Henri III, the debauchee, to judge his sister ! and Catherine, the Italian, to judge her daughter ! Where was the Maréchal de Retz ? and where the stiletto ?

Marguerite came to Nerac with her mother,

Catherine, to seek her husband; and as the two courts, French and Italian, could not long agree together, she followed her husband to Pau.

In her memoirs she complains of her short sojourn there. "We returned to Pau, in the Béarn, where the Catholic religion is not recognised; and I was obliged to perform my devotions in a small chapel, scarcely four paces long, and very narrow, and which seven or eight persons filled. At the moment when mass was sung, the drawbridge of the chateau was raised, for fear the Catholics, who could not exercise their religion, should hear it."

She called Pau the Geneva of France, and made severe attacks on the fidelity of Henri; while according to her own account, she was a model of virtue.

On Henri de Navarre's next visit to Pau, she resisted all his entreaties, and remained at Nerac whilst he went to Pau.

His object in this second visit in 1581, was the ceremony of his installation, and to receive the oaths of his adherents. He took the oath, bare-headed, according to the Protestant formula, in the name of the living God, to be a good and

true king. The deputies took their oath on their knees.

In 1583, Henri was in the Béarn for a moment: in 1584 he came to Pau. There it was that he received the Duke d'Epemon, whom Henri III had sent to him, to effect a reconciliation. Henri received the Duke in the Chateau of Pau, and was solicited to espouse the cause of the king of France, and abjure the reformed religion.

He once more visited the Béarn in 1585, for the purpose of annexing the Navarre to France, and heard mass at Navarrenx, where it had not been heard for years. He restored to the Catholics the Church of St. Martin, at Pau, which had long been used by the Protestants; and established a Parliament there, to administer the affairs of his southern provinces.

In 1585, Henri III, having revoked at Nemours all his edicts favourable to liberty of conscience, forbids the exercise of the "pretended reform" in religion, under pain of confiscation of body and substance; and on the 10th of August of that year, the King of Navarre, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke de Montmorency, sign a protestation against the edict of the king, and a

declaration of war. The Pope (Sixtus the 5th), declares Henri of Navarre and the Condé heretics, and incapable of succeeding to any duchy or principality in France.

The young Duke de Joyeuse is sent by Henri III against Henri of Navarre and the Protestants. Joyeuse was killed, and the Catholics completely routed at the battle of Coutras, A.D. 1587. The Condé is poisoned at St. Jean d'Angely, and his wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille, accused of the murder.

Henri revisits once more his Béarn, as much from love of his country as for his love of the beautiful Corisande de Grammont, at whose feet he wished to lay the two-and-twenty standards he had taken at Coutras; and he took advantage of these visits to confirm his sister Catherine's regency.

In 1589, Henri III sought the aid of Navarre after the murder of the Cardinal de Guise, and the death of that "importer of public immorality," Catherine de Medicis. The ministry had proclaimed from the pulpits that the King of France was no longer king; the two monarchs besieged Paris; Jaques Clément assassinated the king of

France in St. Cloud, and the family of Valois became extinct.

With Henri III cease the Valois, 1589. The reign of the Bourbons, which was to last till 1830, began with a Prince of Béarn.

CHAPTER V.

HENRI IV, the Great, was in his thirty-fourth year when the army recognised him as king. He took the oath to maintain the Catholic religion ; to learn its tenets within six months ; to restore to that church the property which had been seized by the Protestants ; to forbid the exercise of the new reformed religion, but in places where it was already allowed, until after the convocation at Tours, which was to take place within six months.

Henri III of Navarre, became, by the death of Henri III of France, lawful heir of one of the finest kingdoms in the world, yet he had still his throne to win, and three years elapsed ere his triumph was complete—ere his pretensions were firmly recognised—and he was crowned king of France.

He left the Béarn now, never more to revisit it; and moreover, took with him his sister, so beloved by the Béarnais. This princess had, from her infancy, been sought in marriage far and wide. At her birth it was destined to marry her to the Duke d'Alençon. Later, Henry III of France desired to marry her, and would have done so, had not his mother interfered, and described her as deformed. The Count de Soissons was her successful admirer—at least, he pleased her; but Henri, her brother, would not allow the marriage. She loved the Béarn, and was most sorry to leave it, writing before she left it, "*Quo me fata vocant;*" there I must go. The populace escorted her in tears, saying, "We see you go like your mother, and so we shall never see you back again." She was tenderly attached to Soissons, and was once on the point of forming a clandestine alliance with him, when her brother interposed. After that, she was ever melancholy, longing for the valleys of the Gave, and retirement; and she died at the early age of forty-five, having been married by her brother to the Duke de Bar, son of the Duke de Lorraine, by whom she had no children.

Henri IV, in 1589, was obliged to raise the siege of Paris, and retire upon Dieppe, with scarcely a shirt to his back, as he wrote to Sully, where he was to receive succour from Elizabeth of England. Here he fought against the Duke de Mayenne, who had proclaimed the Cardinal de Bourbon, under the name of Charles X, king of France. The battle lasted only one hour. The Duke, endeavouring to force the king within his fortifications, was defeated, and the result gave great courage to the king's party. Moreover, that advantage was increased by the arrival of 5,000 English, and a large reinforcement from Picardy.

Henri now, in his turn, besieged Paris. His army pillaged the faubourgs, and having terrified the Parisians, took possession of Normandy. At the battle of Ivry, near Dreux, in the Eure et Loire, he had to fight once more against Mayenne, who, though supporting ostensibly the Cardinal de Bourbon, had his own secret pretensions to the throne. Haranguing his army, determined to perish or conquer, Henri said, "There is no retreat. Soldiers, I am your king. You are Frenchmen. Behold your enemy—attack them!"

The victory was not long doubtful. Mayenne was entirely defeated ; and had the king marched on Paris the next day, the war would have been finished. The Cardinal de Bourbon, a prisoner in Tours, died soon after this battle.

Henri blockaded Paris : a fearful famine, which only the kindness of Henri alleviated, was in the capital. The inhabitants were reduced to the greatest extremities : 30,000 persons died of hunger during the blockade ; children were eaten by their parents ; the bones of the dead, even, were not despised, and those who ate them died—till the Duke of Parma came to the relief of Paris ; and Henri raised the siege a second time.

Reinforced by some German troops, Henri besieged Rouen ; the Duke of Parma again forced him to raise the siege, but is obliged to retreat in turn ; and Henri once more blockaded Paris. The same horrors—the same hand relieves, as far as he can, the people he came to subdue—at last, after a bootless attempt to take Paris, on the “*Journée des Farines*,” Henri, for his country’s good, once more abjured his mother’s religion, and sent an ambassador to Rome to demand absolution.

He was crowned in the city of Chartres, as Rheims was still in the hands of the league. On the 27th February, 1594 the Duke de Mayenne having deserted the capital, the diminished garrison was forced to give up the principal posts. Henri enters in Paris ; the people crowd to meet him ; the Spanish garrison leave Paris with the honors of war, Henri only observing to them, " Present my compliments to your master, but do not come back again." The day of his entry they defiled before the king, and Henri of Navarre is installed king of France.

But though he had conquered his foes on the field, and in the trenches, an enemy, nursed by the Jesuits, conspired against him. Jean Chatel succeeded in getting into the chamber of the king, and stabbed him with his knife. Fortunately, the wound was not mortal. The assassin was taken and condemned, and the Jesuits were banished the kingdom.

Did Henri, now Henri of France, forget his Béarn ? Had his affection for the mountains of Ney passed away ? No. When his sister Catherine was married, the contract was forwarded to Pau ; when his son was born, the Béarn was informed

of it by his own royal hand ; when his second son was born, he called it Gaston—a name so honourable in the land where he was born. Later, Pau was declared exempt from certain taxes. Over the Béarn he watched like a jealous mother over a weak, but noble child. Blood had flowed freely there for his own religious quarrels ; now, though desolation reigned in France, he forbade his subjects of Navarre to leave their own country to fight the battles of others ; and though in 1596, the Bigorre was invaded by the remnants of the League, and Pontacq stood a siege against the Marquis de Villars, yet the Béarn was generally tranquil ; and much need had the people of repose after their late storms. He revoked the edict which had excluded Catholics from being employed in the state, saying, “ That those who acted conscientiously were of his religion, and that his religion was that which recognized ALL good and brave men.”

Being king of Navarre as well as France, he wanted to unite the two under one kingdom ; but he knew the pride each Béarnais had in being a Béarnais, free and independent, and how they desired to maintain their old sovereignty : he

would not, therefore, wound them in a point so delicate ; moreover, as no one better than he knew that their government had been for so many centuries established, and maintained independent.

Perhaps the greatest boon Henri gave his people of Navarre, was liberty of conscience. Religious discord had alienated so many ; brothers had fought against brothers, fathers against sons-in-law, so that the Béarn was happy in breathing a moment ; but in this great task he found a twofold difficulty. The Protestants were jealous of the Catholics, and willing to give up nothing ; while the Catholics were as greedily desirous, grasping at all they had lost.

In 1595, Henri defeated a Spanish army, consisting of 20,000 men, with a small body of cavalry. Amiens was pillaged by the Spaniards, but there the success of the Spaniards ended. Henri lays siege to Amiens, and after a blockade of three months, the gates are opened to the king.

All Brittany submits. After forty years of civil war, France begins to breathe. Henri publishes the edict of Nantes, which gave liberty of conscience to the Protestants of France, and also to the Catholics of Navarre.

Who has not heard of Gabrielle d'Estrées? a lady perfectly lovely, and of a very noble family; a mistress of the king who loved good wine, war, and pretty women; a man who, in fact, was perfection in his age: brave, valiant, generous, and gallant. His passion for her was so violent, that after having three children by her, he wanted to marry her. In these days we may not approve of such accomplishments; and at any rate we may regret the sudden change of affection, for within three weeks of her death he consoled himself with another mistress, Henriette d'Estragues, Marquise de Verneuil, whom he promised to marry, by a written agreement, if she presented him with a son within twelve months. Sully tore up this agreement, too jealous of his master's honour, and indifferent of reproof. To the Count, father of Gabrielle, he gave a government on the Oise, and afterwards made him grand master of artillery.

In 1600, Henri was divorced from Marguerite, his wife, by the Pope's permission.

Shall I omit to mention the memorable words he spake to the deputies of Béarnais, when the difficulty of allowing the observance of two re-

ligions was urged upon him ? “ I have,” said he, “ two villages in my own Béarn, separated only by a small brook. In one, mass is not known, and never said ; in the other, there is not a Protestant preacher, and yet the inhabitants live together as brothers.” And to the priest who demanded the exclusive re-establishment of the Catholic religion, “ I will do my best that the church be as it was in the time of Louis XII ; but you must, by your own good example, repair what has been destroyed ; and, by your zeal, restore what indifference has lost. Do your duty, I will do mine. If we meet one another on the road, well. Shew your good actions as well as your fine words. We must have no difficulty between Catholic and Huguenot—all must be good citizens. I am a shepherd king, who will not shed the blood of my sheep, for I wish to gather them together by kindness.”

Henri married in 1600, at Lyons, Marie de Medicis, daughter of François, Duke of Tuscany. One would have thought that he had known too much of that family already, to wish to choose a wife from it. However, it was done ; and Marie de Medicis was crowned Queen of France by the

Cardinal de Joyeuse, 13th May, 1610, the day before the murder of her husband. Superstition might deduce a reason for the murder.

This great king, after having escaped nearly fifty attempts against his life, was on the 14th May assassinated. The demon Ravailac, only 32 years of age, who had for eight days followed Henri with the intent to kill him, took advantage of a moment, when, in the narrow street de la Fer-ronnerie, his carriage was unable to proceed on account of the crowd, to perpetrate his horrid deed. The second Henri murdered by an assassin ! He was on his way to visit Sully, his minister and friend, whose brilliant conversation ever charmed him, and whose rebukes and honest interference he never took in bad part.

Ravailac would have been cut to pieces there and then, but that would have been too good a death for such an assassin. D'Epernon ordered him to be seized, and he was afterwards condemned to be quartered. There is too much reason to fear that the villain had his accomplices. Marie de Medicis, the Italian consort of Henri, and d'Epernon, are not without suspicion. Indeed, Sully declares that there were accomplices, and a

contemporary historian, Villenave, asserts, not only that there were, but that the Parliament was alarmed at the danger of discovering them. The exact circumstances of his death are, and must ever be, a mystery.

It is certain Marie de Medicis did not affect even a grief she did not feel, for the day after the murder of her husband, and while his bloody corpse was lying in state in the Louvre, she held a council, and declared herself regent and protectress of her child, Louis XIII, then only eight years old. We may, after having read her history, her intrigues with Richelieu, and her conduct to her country, her husband, and her son, not regret to hear that she died in indigence at Cologne.

That the queen may have had reasons for jealousy, all who have heard of Henri IV will admit; and in an Italian breast, that demoniac passion once introduced, is never exterminated; and her court was often a scene of disturbance, in consequence of Henri's intrigue with Madame de Verneuil, whom he loved passionately.

Spain, also, who could never conquer the noble warrior in the field, endeavoured to poison his domestic comfort by introducing spies, traitors,

and divisions in his court and family, and by spreading reports through Europe that he was allied to the Protestant princes of Germany, and only waiting the moment to overthrow the Catholic religion.

Whether Marie de Medicis, Spain, or d'Epemon, directly approved of, and plotted his death, no one can say. He was killed, and the murderer confessed that he had been actuated to commit the crime, because Henri favoured the Huguenots, and was about to make war against the Catholics.

His death, at least, was felt in his own native Béarn ; and, if we may believe a curious tradition, the old chateau, which held his tortoiseshell cradle, was informed by divine interposition or agency, that its royal proprietor had ceased to live ; for, "on the day of his death, the arms of the king, which were on the gate of the chateau of Pau, with the first letters of his name on either side, fell to the ground, and were broken to pieces." At the same hour, the cows of the royal herd, which were in pairs round about, lay down together in a circle, and began lowing fearfully. The finest bull, called the king, rushed furiously

agitate even a monarch's breast ; and that even in the midst of luxury, their necessities are thought of. *He wore a heart as well as a crown. He was a king.*

"So was Louis XIV," I replied ; "and perhaps at no time did France raise herself to such historic grandeur as under his generals. His reign was the nursery of talent and science. Molière, Voltaire, Colbert, Turenne, and Bossuet, and a thousand others blazoned during his life."

"Vrai, monsieur ; but they say that their vice walked openly in the palace, and debauchery reigned in the court. They tell me that we were taxed to pay their lust ; that beauty was only the excuse for rapine, and the forerunner of shame ; and that the brilliant exploits of our armies were tarnished by vices and crimes at home."

"Ambition and self love actuated Louis XIV. Love for his people, and an interest in their welfare, have established the reputation of Henri IV indelibly, imperishably in our hearts."

Here was a peasant's feeling in her own native land, more than two hundred years after the monarch's death. Little could she read, but legend and song had handed down to the humblest

“chaumière” the praises of the man who was made to quaff “Jurançon” at his birth, and who retained his affection for the soil of the grape, amidst all the intoxicating indulgences of a royal court. He had, too, his great men—Sully, d’Aubigné, and Biron, were his aide-de-camps in good; and some of the stars which glittered on his path.

And yon chateau! his nursery—yon tortoise-shell cradle, why are ye so venerated? Why, in every cottage, is a more or less costly portrait of their royal countryman so universally found? Why has his history and life been the subject of so many a drama? From Pau to Paris, the Dan and Beersheba of France, monuments preserve his memory, and even red-hot faction passes them by, sparing the good old king.

And yet he was not happy; he had to live, a splendid prisoner in a murderous court! to kneel at a brother’s feet, and choose between mass and death; to hear that unfortunate brother, with his cruel mother, like a blood-thirsty lioness, order her fanatics to fire upon her subjects from the windows of the Louvre! He saw his own brother slaughter his own children from the now rusty

balcony. He had to wage war against them later, but then he was merciful, and gave them of his own food, to give them strength to fight against the giver ; but his rectitude was his shield, and his benevolence his escort.

How few there are really happy ! Was Sardanapalus, with his pleasures ? David, with his religion ? Antony, with his mistress ? Richelieu, with his despotism ? or Napoleon, with his ambition ? No—and poor Henri was but mortal. Fifty times his life was attempted ; the plains of France were deluged in blood by civil and religious war ; his own domestic life was unhappy ; and though he was gathered to his fathers with all the affectionate gratitude of his people to bless him, perhaps he only left this world in time to avoid still greater miseries.

We must not let the brave old Henri, who has left so many pleasant things behind him which rejoice us more than his battles, leave us thus abruptly. He had clever and witty men for companions. He was full of generosity and *esprit* himself. Romantic in his ideas, he enjoyed more than any one a sally of wit, or an adventure.

The chateau of Pau has one evidence of his

good humour and generosity. There is in one of the rooms a picture of Henri, who had left his mistress, not intending to return for some days. I believe he had gone on a hunting expedition ; but, be that as it may, about the hour of breakfast he unexpectedly returns, eager to embrace his royal concubine. Horses are heard at the gate of the chateau ; the merry laugh of the merry king, and the spurred boots, resound on the old oak floor. So short an absence had defeated the lady's plans. To console herself during the absence of her royal lover, she had engaged one of the lords in attendance on the prince to dissipate her *ennui*, and participate her pleasures. What consternation, then, when the bugles announced the so speedy return of her lord. How can the gallant substitute evade the wrath of his master ? How can *she* escape discovery ? To descend is impossible. Already Henri is at the door—no closet to hide in ; and the two plates, the two glasses, and the table laid out for two persons, are too palpable evidences. As a last resource, the unlucky wight dives under the bed, and fancies himself secure, while his mistress endeavours to arrange the breakfast table.

All in vain—the monarch enters ; had already detected the confusion, had already observed two very human-looking feet underneath the bed, but feigning utter ignorance, he sat down, joyfully observing, “How kind! you expected me back to breakfast, did you?” Having eaten well, and having quite satisfied his mistress that she was not discovered, they were all glee ; when Henri suddenly empties his plate underneath the bed (as if throwing some pieces to a dog), saying, “Il faut que tout le monde vive.” Imagine the dismay of the unfortunate lovers ; their entreaties for pardon, and acknowledgment of guilt. The generous prince forgave them : he was not happy in his amours, even if he were successful.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRI had been so well instructed in religion by La Gaucherie, that his biographer, Pérefixe says, "One day, finding himself in great distress of mind, he retired within his cabinet, and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed God with all his heart, to inspire him with a good resolve." He was accustomed thus to act on any important affair, God being his most sure adviser, and most faithful aid.

Charles IX, who was only three years older than Henri, was very fond of him, and never more happy than when with him, and made him always call him "mon cousin," not "*sire*." They often had quarrels, as both were of warm temper. One day, the dispute ran very high. Henri would never give in, as he was convinced of his

being right. Charles IX said, "Remember, I am your master."

"You are," says Henri, "but that does not prevent your being in the wrong ; and since you introduce your royalty into your play, I play no more with you."

"You must play with me if I wish, or I will put you under arrest in your room."

"As you like ; but if you force me, instead of finding any pleasure in playing together, you will be bored to death."

The result of this quarrel must be mentioned, as showing the feelings of both the young royal personages. Henri would not demand pardon, yet during four days constantly met his playfellow. Charles, on the fourth day, having conferred with his tutor M. de Ciprienne, took him, as he had been witness of the insult, and embracing Henri, begged him to forget the past ; and at the dinner to which he had been invited, gave him the hand of the princess Marguerite, saying, "Kiss her, my dear brother. This is the wife that I choose for you, and to whom I promise you shall be married, when you have the proper age. I desire that from to-day you will call her your wife, and

that she will call you her husband. A princely way of atoning for an insult.

Charles was fifteen years old, and Henri twelve, at the time of this adventure.

La Gaucherie insisted on Henri's taking most violent exercise, at the chase, on horseback, and in the use of arms. The last was Henri's passion. An old officer, M. de la Costa, was appointed to instruct him ; to treat him as a private soldier till he was worthy of being promoted, and to punish him if he deserved it. In three months he surpassed all in these accomplishments. He was forbidden to kiss even the hand of his future wife, but allowed to pay her a visit once a week, on which occasions he took pride in appearing in his martial uniform, and to the best advantage.

In the vicious and libertine court of Catherine, la Gaucherie had great difficulty to keep him from being corrupted. He, however, succeeded in checking most of his passions ;—one, the love of woman, he could not conquer, and a most unfortunate passion it was for Henri.

During the first six months, the little love affair between Henri and Marguerite passed off very well, to their mutual delight, though under

the control of their separate governors. At the expiration of that time, Henri, having already observed, though only thirteen, the far from modest air of his future wife—who at that early time had imbibed the shameful taste of the court—felt his youthful passion cool for her. Had Catherine given her daughter a discreet and pious governess, how different might have been the private life of the royal pair afterwards. Even at this early age, contrasting the modest beauty of Mlle. de la Trémouille with the easy conduct of his future wife, he confessed to la Gaucherie that “he would only marry Marguerite on being compelled.”

Having, after a year's service as a private soldier in the noble guard of volunteers, been appointed lieutenant, he was severe in exacting discipline. Two of his noble company having arrived late, and given as a reason that they remained to finish a game at fives—“Remain tomorrow under arrest in your room, while I and your comrades go and enjoy the chase.” On his return, however, he divided the game, and invited all, including the two absentees, to dine with him, saying, “The punishment over, he forgot the reason.”

At the age of fifteen, or rather more, he asked the king to allow him to go to Malta, then besieged by the Turks. This was naturally refused him. On the return of the successful nobles, and after having listened to their tales and wonders, he cried out, "How I envy you your good fortune."

Catherine treated him very harshly, perhaps on account of the prediction of her astrologer, that her line would be extinct in her sons, and that Henri would inherit the throne. He also pined for his absent mother. He heard daily of her virtues, and often wrote to her ; but this was not seeing and hearing her. "I long for a friend," said he ; "when shall I find a Patroclus, or a Mæcenas ? I have not even my mother in this miserable court." He cultivated the friendship of M.M. de Segur and de Rochefoucauld, having observed their quiet behaviour, and mutual regard for each other ; begging them to allow him to be one of their friends, which they readily assented to ; so much need had his young heart of reciprocal affection. The choice of his friends pleased Charles IX, who, it would appear, had excellent

qualities, which his libertine mother would not allow to shine.

Soon after this, his good old tutor and friend was taken ill, and the sorrow he experienced at the thought of losing this valued and kind ally, called forth his noblest and best feelings. He could not be comforted; his last moments—moments of anguish for Henri—were spent with his pupil; and when at last the invalid wished to be alone with his God, he said, embracing him, “Retire; obey my last order,” the prince went out, weeping abundantly, and found what it was to have selected his friends, who were there, on the news of the death, to comfort him.

“I have lost a second father,” he cried; and in after life he never forgot his old mentor.

The queen of Navarre, truly afflicted, also, succeeded against the will of Charles, and his mother Catherine, in bringing her son into the Béarn, fearing that otherwise, all the good lessons of la Gaucherie would be lost to him. The worthy mother hoped to finish her son’s education herself, but soon discovering that she could not always accompany him, she selected Florent

Chrétien, a man well known to her, and a zealous Protestant, to succeed la Gaucherie.

Jeanne d'Albret was at this moment with her court at Pau, governing herself her sovereignty. The author of "*l'Educacion de Henri IV.*," gives her a noble character for talent, moral courage, charity, energy, and virtue. Her court was not one of odious magnificence; but yet every pleasure, consistent with virtue, might be freely indulged in.

His joy on changing the court of France for the chateau of Pau, is thus expressed:—"How agreeable it is, my dear mother, to live with you, especially when I think with what beings I felt myself condemned to live so long. I was surrounded by men and women given to every vice, whom I despised and utterly detested; and la Gaucherie recommended me to be on my guard, lest they did me harm; but here, because every one loves and respects you, I can speak and act freely, and yet see good company."

On his excellent mother giving him the following advice, to fight to the death against the oppressors of his religion, against the enemies of his country and liberty, we read this noble answer:—"Yes, my mother, I promise you all that. Your

words give me a courage capable of vanquishing all dangers. Were all Europe to unite itself with France against me, I would resist the attack with courage ; and, if I could not conquer, I would die at least like Leonidas.

When his arrival in Pau was known, all the world hurried to see him, particularly the inhabitants of the villages, and the peasantry, who crowded on Sundays and fast days to satisfy their curiosity. He spoke with all frankly, asking questions of each ; and whenever he saw a fine robust man, whom he thought might carry a musket, he asked him if he would carry it to help him, if he were attacked. Every one from his heart replied "Yes!" and then turned to his neighbour, saying, in their own emphatic patois, "A fine fellow this prince of yours ; he looks like a regular trump ! The Spaniards may look out, or for sure he will give them some work."

But none were more enthusiastically glad to see him than the peasants of Coraaze, where he had been brought up when a baby. A deputation of one hundred of them came to Pau one day, and asked where Henri lived, "as he was an old acquaintance. We brought him up ; he played

with our children ; he scaled our mountains like a spare cat that he was."

They were led into the court of the chateau, where the young prince, as soon as he was told of it, hurried down with a great number of lords and ladies. As soon as he appeared, the rustic company cried out, "Oh, the fine fellow!" One old man of the party advanced, leaning on his stick, and holding in his hand a basket full of cheeses, approached Henri with these words:—

"It is indeed an honour to talk with you face to face, good prince, so I felt ashamed to act; but the folk of our village and its neighbourhood, in a meeting which they held, said, Gregory has powerful language; he is not the fool he looks. He must pay the compliment to Henri. Since then I have had my head turned inside out in concocting something pleasant to say, for I know you are a jolly companion, and like a laugh; but I could no more get wit out of this brain of mine, than one can extract oil from a wall; so there is truth in the saying, 'Do not force an ass to drink if he is not thirsty.' Finding, then, that I could invent nothing witty or fine, I hit upon a device to make up for my poor compliment, viz.: to

bring you some cheeses ; and they are right good—you may be proud of them. Our women have made them after the same kind as you used to eat when you were amongst us, a piccaninny ; so take them without ceremony, and may God bless you ! that's all we all ask for you. Now for the horn, and shout like madmen, all of ye."

Henri accepted the cheeses, thanked the spokesman affectionately, gave them to eat, and during the repast walked round them, saying a thousand kind things. He also gave a sum of money to be divided amongst them ; so they went their way, shouting and singing impromptu, in their old patois, after this strain :—"What a good prince we have, and what good wine he gives us."

I have sketched this interesting scene to shew the manners of the times : how simple the good old Patriarch's address, and how little ceremony is necessary to approach a sovereign when his people love him.

I have above mentioned the arrival of Catherine and Charles at Bayonne, where they were met by the Queen of Spain, and the Duke d'Alba, to concoct their vile plots against the Protestants ; how the Protestants rose up, "en masse," and

withdrew to the rich rendezvous of Poitou, to be near the port of Rochelle, and to be able to keep open the communication with England; and how the Prince de Condé, and the Admiral Coligny, put themselves at the head of their armies.

The Queen of Navarre was now at Nerac. As soon as the young Henri heard of the preparations, he ran to his mother, urging her to let him go, though scarcely sixteen, as one of the chiefs of the reformed religion. She at first, like Charles IX, refused, but on seeing his ardour, at last consented. "Good bye," and "au revoir," said he to his tutor; "I am now going to take a lesson rather different from those you give me, but yet not less interesting, since they will teach me how to defend our religion."

He found the Condé assembled with his forces at Loudun, near Tours. Without saying a word, he leapt from his horse, took a musket, and went through the evolutions with the soldiery, whose enthusiasm knew no bounds, and who swore to shed their last drop of blood for him.

He then sought his uncle, the Condé, and said, "If I am too young to use my sword, I can yet be useful. I know obedience is the first law in

military affairs, and I will set an example to all in obeying you. He then put on the soldier's dress, and lost no opportunity of gaining information, by questioning the officers and generals, by studying Cæsar, Plutarch, and military works. Even at this moment, Coligny, in answer to the Condé's question, "What do you think of the young Henri?" said, "I really believe if he goes on as he has begun, that he will become one of the greatest captains, and greatest kings history can mention."

Henri was fortunate in his brave and generous master, the Condé, who loved his king and country, though his heart told him that his hand must be raised against them in defence of liberty and religion. He therefore taught moderation and clemency to the young prince.

The Duke d'Anjou having been sent against the Protestants, encamped opposite to them. The Condé would not attack them, when Henri said, "Be sure that if they were in a position to attack you, they would do so; why, then, since they are not strong enough, do you delay your attack?" an advice which events proved to be good, as fresh troops daily arrived to reinforce the duke.

The young prince listened with delight to his uncle's account of the siege of Metz, at which Charles V, of Austria, with 80,000 men, was defeated by the Duke de Guise, the enemy of the Protestants ;—admiring the valour and firmness of the French, and the humanity of the conquerors, in assisting, after the retreat of the enemy, the wounded and sick, who were dying all around them for lack of nourishment and necessaries. We remember how well he imitated this conduct before his own capital, in after years, saying, "That tyrants killed the helpless, but a king should be merciful, and aid even his enemies in distress." We read also, how, after a severe skirmish, he found several of his enemies bathed in their blood, but still alive ; and how he jumped from his horse, helped with his own hands to dress their hurts, and tore up even his shirt to bandage their wounds.

A beautiful and touching anecdote I am now about to relate. Henri had found at Thouars his old friends, Segur and Rochefoucauld, and with them often enjoyed the chase. One day, ravenously hungry, they espied a little cottage, and entering in, observed a fine old man, with his hand-

some daughter, who gave them all that was in the house to eat ; but as all three had remarked the superiority and unmistakable evidence of better times in the manners and appearance of both father and daughter, they profited by the absence of the latter to question the venerable old man.

"I was born a gentleman," said he. "I served forty years Louis XII, and François I ; and served them better, I fear, than I served my God. I then retired with 400 francs a year to live with this my daughter. Providence has ever watched over me ; all prospers with me ; and were it not that I feel anxious about leaving my daughter, I am quite happy. She was to be married to a gentleman of these parts, but his family insisted on a fortune of 3000 francs. I have them not ; but I hope Providence, who never forsakes me, will not forsake her after I am gone."

Taking leave of the old man with many thanks, they mounted their horses, and after going a short way, Henri stops, saying, "Is it not Providence, my friends, who sent us to see that old man, and assist in the marriage of his daughter ?" "Without doubt," replied his noble companions. "If so," replied Henri, what honour and pleasure for

us, who have been chosen to be his ministers, to aid a woman so virtuous, and a warrior so respectable. I have still 2000 francs left of the money my mother gave me before leaving her. I devote them to this good work. How much can you manage, my friends? Tell me frankly."

They promised each to bring him 500 francs the same evening. They kept their word; though Segur had to borrow 300 to make up the sum. The prince told his valet de chambre to take the 3000 francs the next morning to the old man, and tell him "it was the dowry of his daughter," but not to say another word, or answer a single question. The old man guessed that the three sportsmen were his generous benefactors, and after some disputes with his conscience, agreed to accept the present, as another instance of God's providence.

Suffice to say, that the marriage took place soon after, and the Prince de Condé having announced a review, all the neighbourhood came to see it. Amongst the rest came the old man, with his daughter and son-in-law. The review began; but what was the astonishment of the brave old soldier to see his three young sportsmen at the side of the prince. Taking his daughter by one hand,

and his son-in-law by the other, he threw himself at their feet before the whole army, saying, "Accept our eternal thanks ; it is to you we owe our happiness." When the Condé and the army beheld this scene, their curiosity was excited ; but when they knew the reason, shouts and praises rang forth along the line ; the names of the three young benefactors were eulogised to the skies, and the Condé, after inviting the happy "trio" to meet the three sportsmen at dinner, gave the noble Henri a purse of 4000 francs, saying, "Since you know already so well how to spend your money, I will never let you be without some."

From Thouars the Protestant army fell back on Niort, where the queen of Navarre came to confer with the allied generals on their future plans. Florent Chrétien accompanied her, and great was the joy of Henri to re-commence his studies in history with his old tutor.

Jeanne, with the advice of the Condé and Coligny, having consented to send the young Henri to his government of Guienne, before parting, gave him some good advice ; and Chrétien, his tutor, told him to take pattern by Agesilaus, with whose life, by Xenophon, he was well

acquainted. "You know all my tender affection for my mother, and my delight to follow all her counsels; yet I confess that the example of Agesilaus persuades me more thoroughly than her advice at this moment, to fulfil worthily the duties this new office devolves on me."

Jeanne gave him, also, a noble soldier, de Beauvais, to be his military tutor with Chrétien. The choice was excellent, for both tutors were well known to each other, and intimate friends; both, moreover, were strict Protestants.

On his road to Lectoure, he received numerous deputations. The whole country welcomed him with joy, and at the gate of each town or city he was met by its leading persons, who received him with affection, and saw him depart with regret. Sometimes these long audiences annoyed him; but on the remonstrance of Chrétien, that it was the privilege of the people to address their sovereign, and his duty, if he wished to be king, to retain their affections, to listen to their compliments and complaints, and to answer with kind words when he could not otherwise assist, he said, "I will do my best to follow your advice, but if you observe my patience failing, tell me so quietly, or give me

a touch on the elbow, without letting the people see you do so ;” a plan, it appears, the tutor had more than once recourse to.

Having arrived at Lectoure nearly a fortnight before he was expected, he entered the town under the escort of a few poor people only, whom he told to wait until he came out again. The mayor and magistrates, as soon as they heard of his arrival, came to make their excuses, that there was no reception for him, no feast, and no fireworks. “It rests entirely with you,” he replied, “to let me have a reception after my own fashion and liking, much more agreeable to me than many I have been honoured with.

“Tell me freely, sirs, how much would the feast and fireworks have cost you ?” They replied, that it had been their intention to have expended 600 francs. “Then come down with me and distribute that sum among the poor creatures who are waiting for me below ; yet as I do not wish to lose eating and drinking with you, I invite you to dinner to-morrow at my friends, the governor’s house.”

Every one applauded this arrangement, so full of compassion for the unfortunate, and said to one

another, "So young, and yet so fond of doing good. What may we not hope from him when he grows up."

His entry into Bordeaux is thus described by a magistrate who assisted at the ceremony :—"We have here the Prince of Navarre. I confess he is a charming creature; not much more than thirteen; he has the qualities of a young man of nineteen—he is agreeable, civil, and obliging; he lives with us in such a free-and-easy style, that wherever he is, he is surrounded by people; he acts so nobly in all things, that one sees he is a great prince. He talks like an honest man; he speaks always to the point; and, if it happens that we talk of the court, it is remarked that he is thoroughly well instructed, and that he never says anything out of place. I shall hate all my life the new religion (the Protestant), because it has taken from us such a fine specimen." This requires no comment.

Henri once happened to be in a town where everybody was Protestant. During the feast, some of the guests having taken too much wine, began abusing the king. The prince interrupting them, said, "Do you forget that he is my master as well as yours?" and on their still continuing, he rose

from the table and left the town, fearing to be included amongst them as an accomplice, who spake ill of his sovereign. This action gave great pleasure to the court of France, when it was known.

Henri having finished his voyage, returned to his mother, who was still with the noble Condé and Coligny at Niort. The retreat on la Rochelle being determined on, she sent Fenelon to Charles IX with a noble letter of remonstrance against the court of France, shewing that she only fought for her religion and her God ; that Catherine, instead of aiding her, filled her Béarn with hostile troops, and that not only her life, but that of her son, and of all the Protestant chiefs, was the object and desire of the intrigues of the court.

The consequence of this missive was an edict which prohibited the Protestant religion, banished all clergymen, and dismissed all officers, civil and military ; so that Henri, who was the youthful governor of Guienne, and who had been acknowledged as the leader of the Protestants at la Rochelle, was no longer to hold his office. This proclamation, however, strengthened the cause of the Protestants, inasmuch as many foreign princes sent aid to the persecuted French Protestants—

an event which Catherine tried to qualify by asserting that all these foreigners only came into France to conquer it.

The Reformers march on Paris—a bold stroke. They nearly succeed in taking the king; they give battle on the plains of St. Denis to the constable Montmorency, who is killed; but the Condé finding himself short of provisions, retreats to Pont-a-Mousson, on the Moselle, to await German reinforcements. Having received them, he again advances, and lays siege to Chartres. At this point negotiations are proposed, and a peace signed. The Protestants then separated; but owing to the schemes of Catherine de Medicis, which they were made acquainted with privately, they repaired once more to la Rochelle, and were rejoined by their numerous forces. Henri and his mother brought 4000 men with them. The battle of Jarnac was fought early the next year, and the Protestants had the loss of the young and gallant Condé to deplore, besides their own defeat. After his death, Coligny and the army unanimously acknowledged Henri, Prince of Navarre, as their generalissimo. He was then rather more than sixteen years old. His new duties and important occupations rendered the presence of his tutor

Chrétien, no longer necessary at the court. Having provided for his future comfort, Henri parted with his old counsellor, saying, "I shall remember all my life how much I owe you, my dear mentor. If hereafter I conduct myself wisely, I shall owe it all to you. You are to be no longer my master, but you will always be my friend: I give you my word of honour for that, and you know that I never break it." The worthy man lived twenty-seven years after this, in retirement, and was one of the first to pay his duty to his pupil, when on the death of Henri III, the prince of Navarre became king of France. The king made him pass several days at court with him, and before his death, Chrétien had the satisfaction of seeing his little "élève" of thirteen, the glorious monarch of an admiring kingdom, seated firmly on his throne after victory over all his enemies.

Nothing flattered Henri more, on being named generalissimo of the Protestant army, than the hope of being able, with accession of power, to have more opportunities of doing good. This, his ruling passion, was born with him; and what a noble one! He used to say, "Princes have not every day an opportunity of shewing a proof of their courage and justice, but they may be, and

ought to be, every day doers of good actions. Titus felt acutely this agreeable duty, as we know from his beautiful saying one day, when he had done nothing good or useful, "*Perdidi diem.*" These words alone stamp his character.

So penetrated was Henri with these noble sentiments, that he made a point, after a conference with Coligny and his mother, in which he stoutly combated their inexperience, of presenting his two friends, Rochefoucauld and Segur, with the government of two cities, saying to them as he entered, with their appointments in his hand, "*Accept my compliments, messieurs les gouverneurs;*" then, fearing to receive their thanks, he ran away as fast as he could.

On his friend Beauvais telling him "that the first time he had to command he would have the largest army the Protestants ever had," he said, "*Mon capitaine, I cannot be glad when I consider all the blood that will flow; for I know that our Germans, and the Germans of Charles do not fight one against another; on either side it is our poor countrymen who will suffer, and therefore I feel myself bound to offer Charles terms of peace before fighting.*"

Before engaging in his first battle at Roche la Belle, he gave orders "that there should be no killing in cold blood ; no violence against women or children ; no burning of churches ; no poisoned waters ; that, in fact, he commanded Frenchmen, not barbarians." The Protestants gained the victory, and Coligny proposed the siege of Poitiers, the only city in Poitou which did not belong to them. Henri opposed it, giving his reasons, which time proved to be too well formed.

After a seven weeks' blockade, Coligny was forced to retire, having made no impression on the walls, or on the besieged ; and, afterwards, he generously confessed that the advice of Henri on the siege of Poitiers, was better than his own.

The battle of Montcontour was lost to the Protestant ; 3500 were killed, and 3000 taken prisoners ; but Coligny did not lose his courage. He retired on Niort with Henry and the Condé, his cousin ; and when the king sent an ambassador to demand submission, Jeanne said she could not listen to any proposal which did not guarantee liberty of conscience.

The Protestant army retreated on Montauban, in the hopes of joining Montgomery, who had an

efficient force in the Béarn. Henri, who was with them, would have given way, had not his hardy education supported him.

On the further retreat to Arnai le Duc, in Burgundy, Henri encouraged his troops by his happy and contented manner, saying, "Courage, my friends; we are near Burgundy, where we shall drink good wine, which will restore our strength." Here the Protestants, under Henri in the first battle which he commanded, gained a small advantage, which ended in the treaty of St. Germain en Laye, by which the Protestants were declared capable of enjoying the same privileges as the Catholics, and were permitted to retain La Rochelle, and three other fortified towns.*

After this treaty, Charles, to convince the Protestants of his sincerity, repeated to Jeanne d'Albret an offer of marriage for her son, with Marguerite, his sister. She left for Paris; the king met her at Blois; the articles of marriage were signed, and Jeanne entered Paris, never to return.

Henri, while awaiting his mother's order to

* Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité.

come to Paris, studied with his soldier friend, Beauvais, the lives of all the ancient heroes. But one day, he could not help confessing to his friend, in whom, after his mother, he had the fullest confidence, "that the marriage for which preparations were being made, gave him much sorrow. I feel no affection for Marguerite. She is clever and beautiful, but has no modesty; moreover, you know in what school she has been brought up. How can I love a woman who wants the first attributes of her sex? Sworn to her brother and her mother, she will divulge my inmost secrets. This marriage will be the curse of my life;" and so indeed it turned out. But Henri forgot self, and his own personal feelings, when the good of his country waited but for him. "The voice of France will ever hold the empire in my heart. I have no objections when her safety is concerned. Too happy shall I be if I contribute to her welfare by the sacrifice of all I have, even my life."

Soon after, at the head of 500 persons of good family, he repaired to the French court, where he was received with open arms by Charles, and welcomed with all his suite.

Charles having Henri in his power, wished now for Coligny. He gave out that a war with Spain was determined. Coligny arrived at his country's call. The queen of Navarre fell ill. Her last advice to him was, "Merit to be styled the honor of Navarre, and the father of your people. My death, whatever may be the direct cause, was decreed by Providence." This noble queen died on the sixth day after her attack. How? None can say; but she was spared the horrors of St. Bartholomew. Henri shut himself up for several days, seeing no one but Beauvais; he walked about the room with clenched hands, lifting up his eyes to heaven. He neither ate nor drank, but passed whole nights in sighs and tears. His valet overheard him one morning say this prayer:—"O my God, what a mother have you taken away from me! How can I survive this blow? And yet how I ought to thank you for having given me such a mother. Could I have chosen for myself, I should have chosen her. Never mother loved son with more discreet tenderness. You know how I cherished and respected her. Alas! what shall I become, left to myself, and

deprived of her in my youth? It is now, O God, that I have need of all your pity. I throw myself into your arms—be thou my father and my mother.”

The piety of this short prayer is most touching. The king of Navarre blesses his mother, thanks her for her affectionate care of him, fears for his future conduct; but at last remembers there is a God above who can supply the place of a parent; and to him he prays for succour in his distress. To the same God he cried aloud when he heard of the death of his cousin, the Prince de Condé. “God is my refuge and strength; in him only do I hope, and I shall not be confounded.” And later, at the battle of Ivry, praying for assistance, and that his rebel subjects might acknowledge their lawful sovereign, he cried, “But if, O God, it seemeth good to you to order otherwise, or if you foresee that I shall be one of those kings whom you appoint in your wrath, take my life and my crown. Let me to-day be the victim of thy holy will; let my death deliver France from the misery of war, and let my blood be the last that shall be shed in this quarrel.” These in-

stances of devotion prove that his mother had not sown the seeds of religion on a barren soil. They honor the man, and ennoble the king.

When Charles saw that the king of Navarre would not be consoled, he went himself and forced him to come to the chase ; but Henri's heart was not with the sport. Segur and Rochefoucauld wept with him, acknowledging his great loss, and comforting him ; and Henri found what it was in time of trouble to have chosen true and pious friends, who left him not, neither did they forsake him.

The Protestants were treated with so much kindness, and so caressed by the court, that they saw not the trap prepared for them by the wicked Italian. The people of la Rochelle sent continually advice to Coligny, begging him to retire from court, but he said that he preferred being dragged in the mud of Paris to promoting a fourth civil war.

All being ready for the marriage of the king of Navarre, on the 18th of August it was celebrated. Feasting, tournaments, and dancing, lasted four days—a prelude to the horrors that were to follow ; for on the 22nd, Coligny, returning on foot from

the Louvre, was shot at, and severely wounded. Charles went himself to see the wounded man, and indignantly accused the Guises of the dastardly assault, swearing that the assassins should be discovered were they hid in the most secret recesses of his kingdom.

Henri and the Condé, his cousin, asked permission to leave Paris, but Charles and Catherine persuaded them to remain.

Henri was calmed only for a moment. Knowing the character of Catherine, her empire over her son, her infidelity, and bad faith; and having received from Rochelle a letter, praying him to fly from Paris, as his life was in danger, he was about to do so; when by a noble sentiment he remembered that his flight would expose his friends who had come to Paris for his wedding, solely out of personal regard for him. "Shall I save my life, and leave all my companions in danger? Will not the king vent his fury on my friends when he hears of my escape?" The princely feelings prevailed—Henri remained.

Catherine had determined that the marriage of her daughter should be the signal for the massacre of the Protestants—a pleasant dowry for the youth-

ful pair. Beauvais, Segur, and Rochefoucauld, found him the evening before St. Bartholomew, in profound agitation. To their questions, he replied that he had a melancholy presentiment of some sad disaster; and so affected was he, that he fainted away. He tried to persuade his friends to remain with him. "Do not leave me—I cannot be separated from you: my heart is too full of alarm to let you go from me. I lose all if I lose you. Either we will live together, or we will perish together." The three friends left him in charge of his valet, with orders to let them know if he became worse. He never saw them again: those three friends and Coligny were the first martyrs of that horrible night.

The king of Navarre was summoned two hours before daylight, with the Condé, his cousin, before Charles. He was not allowed to wear his sword. Charles received them with oaths and blasphemies, ordering them to renounce their religion, which was only a pretext for their rebellious conduct; to go at once to mass, or they would be treated as all their noble companions had been. Charles gave them a quarter of an hour to reflect. The Condé was for the martyr's crown of glory. Henri said,

“Who then is to revenge our friends? If we die, who will revenge our loss? I will live to slaughter, at the tomb of my mother, the executioners. We will escape, and Catherine and her assassins shall tremble.”

They both embraced the Roman faith, and they were right. With them the Huguenots would have lost their political chieftains; without them, the whore of Babylon would have deluged all France with Protestant blood. They were the mainstay of the Reformers; and during twenty-six years did the Catholics regret their cold-blooded murder on that awful night.

Charles, who hated his mother and his brothers, on his death confided to Henri his wife and daughter, saying, as he embraced him tenderly, “In you alone have I found honor and true faith.”

Henri remained three years under Catherine’s surveillance before he could escape: we then find him at the head of 50,000 men, rising to revenge his murdered friends, and to maintain the religion of his mother pure and undefiled.

CHAPTER VII.

IN 1573, Henri was forced by the Duke d'Anjou to be present at the siege of Rochelle.* We can imagine how much this vexed him, and how much rather he would have been within the walls, aiding morally and personally his brave partizans ; but he was a guarded state prisoner, and could not move without an escort. On the Duke of Anjou being called to the throne of Poland, an honourable peace was granted to the Rochelle, but Henri was brought back to Paris against his will.

During the illness of Charles, Henri joined the league against Catherine and the Guises ; but Catherine having discovered it, caused him and

* The massacre of St. Bartholomew—a political crime perhaps, under the cloak of religion—had not even the honor of success ; for persecution served only to increase the number of Protestants. Thousands flocked to their stand, after the capitulation of La Rochelle, where nearly 40,000 perished.

the Duke d'Alençon to be arrested. Thus his liberty, the object of his joining the Catholics, was further off than before.

On the death of Charles, Catherine made herself regent during the absence of the Duke d'Anjou in Poland.

Having by the death of his brother become king of France, under the title of Henri III, he left Poland as quickly as possible, and set out for Lyons. On his arrival there, Henri de Navarre was set at liberty, with the Duke d'Alençon; but it was some time before they could escape from the court. The Duke d'Alençon was the first to be free. He retired to Dreux, where all the discontented, Catholics as well as Protestants, joined him. The young Prince de Condé had been promised a reinforcement of Germans, but Catherine defeated their proposed junction. The king of Navarre at last escaped during a hunting party, and fled to Tours, where, finding himself safe, he renounced the Catholic religion as having been forced upon him, and embraced the religion of his mother.

He was received at La Rochelle, but rather with mistrust, till he dismissed his suite, which

consisted of "neither Catholics nor Huguenots, but bad persons;" and after remaining there some months, he repaired to Bordeaux, where he was refused admittance, the people urging as excuse, that he wished to banish the Catholic religion.

Henri held his court at Nerac when Marguerite came to see him with her mother. He had been obliged to leave Agen, where, however, he was much loved, on account of some young men of his suite having blown out the candles at a ball, in order to insult the ladies.

He lost Reole, also, by another too practical joke of these young men, at which he assisted. Catherine always had with her some most beautiful women, not over virtuous, who, gaining the affections of their admirers, extracted their secrets, which they disclosed to the Italian. A most ugly gentleman, the governor of Reole, on the Garonne, fell in love with one of these fascinating creatures, and on being joked and laughed at by Henri, and his young companions, he delivered his town into the hands of Duras.

These two losses were a lesson to the king of Navarre—useful, but severe; but having no wars to fight, we find him, to his great scandal, and

notwithstanding the remonstrance of his cabinet ministers, indulging in every pleasure, and passing his time idly with his mistresses.

As I am not going to recount the war of "des amoureux," or the intrigues of the court of France during five years, I shall only say, that by his historian's silence, I fear they were not the best spent years in the life of our Henri.

François, Duke of Anjou, last son of Henri II, died at chateau Thierry, and Henri III was without children, therefore Henri de Navarre was the legitimate successor after his death. Catherine, however, despised his pretensions, as she thought no Protestant could sit on the throne of France,* but commenced another plot with the Leaguers, to get the children of her daughter, the Duchess of Lorraine, acknowledged as the heirs.

Henri III, on hearing this, tried to persuade our Henri to become once more Catholic, but he refused. His reasons were published, and the Duke de Guise took advantage of this political mistake by pointing out to the Catholics what they had to expect should he come to the throne.

* Catherine would any day have become Protestant, had it suited her political views.

On his excommunication by Sixtus V, in 1585, Henri became a man again, feeling the necessity of energy and action, especially as Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, had already declared himself the first prince of the blood royal, and the supporter of the one true religion. He had been buried, as it were, in pleasure; this Papal bull galvanized him, and restored him to his former self; and he thanked his enemies for having roused him from his lethargy, for if they had left him alone, he would not have thought about his own affairs.

This Papal bull was to Henri of Navarre what his father's death was to our Henry V of England—"his wildness seemed to die too."

He immediately wrote to the king of France, praying him to spare much blood, and to allow him and the Duke de Guise to settle the quarrel when and where he should deem fit—man to man, or ten to ten, with the arms a knight was supposed to use. The nobility said that the Guise could not refuse the challenge; but the Duke did refuse; saying that it was not a personal quarrel, but a dispute which menaced the public tranquillity, and the religion of their forefathers.

Henri also sent a remonstrance to Sixtus V, giving the lie to any one who accused him of heresy, and offering to prove the contrary before a council general. The Pope was at first much vexed, but afterwards so admired the heroic courage of a prince who dared to affix on his palace gates his remonstrances, that he confessed one day, "Henri de Navarre and Elizabeth of England, were the only monarchs in Christendom to whom he should divulge his inmost secrets, if they were not heretics."

Henri sent ambassadors to England and Germany, and was soon in a position to defend himself. At St. Brix, in 1586, he had a conference with Catherine, who hoped the trouble she had taken in coming so far would be rewarded by the repose she so much courted. "Madam," says Navarre, "it is not I who oppose your sleeping quietly in your bed ; it is yourself who will not allow me to sleep quietly in mine. The trouble you take is your pleasure and your food ; for rest is your greatest enemy."

To the Duke de Nevers, who accompanied Catherine, and who represented to him that he would be in a more honourable position near the

king, than with people such as the inhabitants of Rochelle, where he had no authority, he replied, "Sir, at La Rochelle I do everything I wish, because I wish for nothing that I ought not to have."

The conference ended in nothing. Both parties separated, determined to renew the war. Henri wished to effect a junction with 26,000 German auxilliary troops; but the Germans were so badly commanded, and Henri so closely followed by the Duke de Joyeuse, that he was obliged to give him battle at Courtras. The more numerous army of Joyeuse, was all gold and velvet; the army of Henri was of iron. Having addressed his soldiers, and assured them "that he fought not against his king, but for the support of his religion only," he called the two princes, Condé and Soissons, to him, and said, "To you I only say that you are princes of the house of Bourbon, and by the help of God, I will shew you to-day, by my example, that I am your senior."

He was eminently victorious—the Catholics were entirely routed. Henri made a most humane use of his victory. He sent away nearly all his prisoners without ransoms, restored them their baggage, took all care of the wounded, and im-

mediately sent an ambassador to the king to demand peace. Had Henri followed up his advantages, the civil war might perhaps have been terminated: but whether for humanity's sake, or for private reasons, I know not, he retreated to the Béarn.

Henri de Condé died in 1588. Whatever some may say about their quarrels, Henri de Navarre was much afflicted on hearing of his death, repeating the words I have mentioned above.

His death was a great loss to the Huguenots, for he was one of their admired chiefs. The Duke de Guise, more beloved in Paris than his feeble cousin, Henri III, knew how to profit by this death, by increasing his party in Paris, and receiving permission to levy forces against the Huguenots. The Duke de Guise, with his relatives, repaired to Chartres, on the "parole" of Catherine, where Henri III was for safety. But her faith was Italian;—the Duke, with his brother, the Cardinal, were treacherously murdered, while the others were kept prisoners. Catherine herself died this year, 1588, hated by her son and the Parisians, and regretted by no one.

Our Henri, to whom several gentlemen had

often proposed to murder the Guises, had always indignantly refused such offers, saying, "No one who could murder these brave enemies could be his friend;" and yet it was against him that the league of the Guises was immediately directed.

Sixtus V. having excommunicated Henri III for the murder of the Guises, the Duke de Mayenne took the lead, styling himself "Lieutenant-General of the state of the crown of France." Henri then applied to Henri de Navarre for aid at Tours, whither he retreated. The two kings had an interview, but the Huguenots, since the massacre of Bartholomew, always suspicious—as indeed they had reason to be—would not allow their chief to remain in the town. He returned with them, therefore, but early the next morning he sought alone a second interview, saying, "When there is any great public benefit to obtain, a king should never think of his life, for in such circumstance, great courage is as precious as life itself." The result of this conference was the determination to besiege Paris. The towns on the road capitulated on Henri de Navarre's word being pledged in preference to the written professions of Henri III. What a difference



between the two kings! Henri of France not trusted by his subjects—his word despised—no sympathy—deserted! Henri of Béarn, brave, valorous, a lover of danger, wishing to share the same lot as a private soldier, strictly punctual and honourable in promises; his conduct, in fact, was such, that there was not a heart he did not gain, and he had not a friend who would not have willingly died for him.

The two kings were besieging Paris, a large reinforcement of Swiss had arrived, and everything promised well, when a young Jacobin, with a diabolical but determined resolution, assassinated Henri of France by the blow of a knife, of which wound he died the next day. The murderer was killed on the spot. A.D. 1589.*

Before his death, however, he appointed his dear brother (as he called him several times), the legitimate successor, recommended the kingdom to him, and exhorted all the lords present to acknowledge him. He died at last, entreating Henri de Navarre to embrace the Catholic religion,

* With Henri III ended the family of the Valois; and Coligny and the Guise were avenged. With Henri de Navarre commenced the line of the Bourbons.

and leaving his army irresolute and agitated by separate attachments and separate interests.

Henri was immediately recognized by his small army of Huguenots. The Swiss, the Marechaux de Biron and d'Aumont followed their example, but the league was still formidable under Mayenne. The Bourbons, instead of aiding the new king, each put forth personal pretensions; and the courtiers, who thought that Henri would not allow their debaucheries at his court, reluctantly, and only on certain conditions, declared for him. They resolved, above all, not to acknowledge him if he remained Protestant; and to the deputation which demanded his abjuration, he replied, "That much as he wished to have them on his side, he had not much to alarm him if he lost them."

At last the nobility assembled, and agreed to recognize Henri "if he would be instructed in the Catholic religion in six months;" "if he would allow no other religion than the Catholic to be then exercised;" "if he would give no office government to a Huguenot." Henri signed a declaration that he would do all this, but many of his followers were vexed at his decision.

The Duke de Mayenne's party becoming strong,

and expecting fresh reinforcements, Henri wisely raised the siege of Paris. For a long time he was tormented by the ministers of the two religions, and it required all his prudence and courtesy to answer them. "He found out how necessary it was for a prince to be instructed early in life how to speak, negotiate, and make the best use of his talents when necessity required them. He had great reason to be thankful to those who had so carefully educated him." Thus he confessed his gratitude to his mother and tutors, who had so carefully brought him up—the worthy pupil of his worthy instructors.

The burial of the late monarch at Compiègne served as a pretext for his raising the siege. It was performed as honourably as the confusion would permit; and soon after he retired with a small force into Normandy, to wait for succour from Protestant Germany, and our own Elizabeth. After the unsatisfactory affair at Dieppe, Mayenne retreated, 1590. He was far from being an energetic and active commander, and his officers and men took example from their master; while Henri, always alive and ready, took advantage of every opportunity, infusing a courage into his troops

which had a proportionately bad effect on the less active enemy. Thus Henri made up for the paucity of his troops by the spirit he infused, and the vigilance he exercised.

His own courage often led him into difficulties ; so much so, that the Marechal de Biron, after the battle of Ivry, where he commanded the reserve, said to the king, "Sire, it is not fair. You have done to-day what Biron should have done, and he has done what the king ought to have done"—that is, Henri should have been with the reserve, and not have pursued his flying enemies at the risk of his life, as a king's death is a great loss, and a ruin to his party.

Reinforced by British auxiliaries, Henri turned the tables on Mayenne, and to the astonishment of Paris, besieged that city, and took the faubourgs without much opposition. Obligated to raise the siege, he fell in with Mayenne at Ivry, March 1590. We have seen the decisive victory he gained, but must notice one or two of his noble actions. The commander of the Swiss having on the eve of battle remonstrated that his troops were not paid, and that they refused to fight, Henri said, "How is this, colonel?" Is this the action of a man of

honour, to demand pay at the moment he should receive his orders for battle?" The colonel left him confused, without answering; but the next morning, remembering the insult, Henri's generous nature prompted him to seek the colonel, when he said, "It may chance, perhaps, that I shall remain on the field of battle, and it would not be fair that I should take away with me the honour of a brave gentleman as you are. I declare, then, that I esteem you an honourable man, incapable of committing a cowardly action." He then embraced him, and the colonel in tears, replied, "In restoring me my honour, you take my life, for I should be unworthy of it if I did not risk it to-day in your service. Had I a thousand, I would risk them for you." The brave colonel died fighting for victory in the thickest of the fight the same day. I shall recount another fine action. When the Marechal d'Aumont came to give him an account of what he had done during the battle, he was at supper, but immediately got up and went to meet him. Having embraced him, Henri invited him to supper, saying, "It is but fair you should make one at the feast, since you were so useful to me at the marriage."

After a few days of rain, Henri appeared before Paris, to the consternation of the Parisians, who had been told by the Duchess de Montpensier that he was killed. The population of the city consisted then of 300,000 persons. The Huguenots, anxious to avenge St. Bartholomew, wished to attack it, and take it by assault. Henri refused, knowing that the soldiers alone would profit by the rich booty, would become insolent and debauched, and would perhaps desert him in the end. He allowed the miserable and half starved people to come out of the city, and when he saw them, he was so afflicted that he shed tears. On the more hard-hearted of his council representing that these rebels merited not this favour, he said : " I am not astonished that the League and the Spanish garrison have no compassion for these poor creatures, for they are tyrants ; but I, their king and father, cannot hear their cries of distress without wishing sincerely to assist them. I cannot prevent those who are with the League from perishing, but to all who leave them, and come forth to me, I will offer my arm and extend my aid."

More than 4000 came out, crying " Vive le Roi !" in one day.

After the raising of the siege by the Duke of Parma, and the divisions in the League, Henri made overtures to Mayenne, and promised freely to forgive even his greatest enemies who would come unto him; so anxious was the good king to spare the blood of his subjects, and to establish universal peace in his realms. Elizabeth of England, a zealous Protestant, as we know, was a most generous auxiliary to Henri; and although Gregory XIV, and Philip II of Spain, sent aid in money and troops to the League, Henri maintained his ground till 1592, when, receiving from England and Protestant Germany large succours, he besieged Rouen. Forced again by the Duke de Parma, as at Paris, he gained notwithstanding several advantages; pursued the Duke, who had separated from Mayenne; made proposals of peace to the latter, and for the good of his country, to avoid more civil wars and horrors, in 1593 he repeated his offer of studying the Catholic religion within six months—an offer which confounded the League, while it of course rather alienated his brave and faithful Huguenots.

Henri besieged and took Dreux, and the Spaniards, having proposed to elect as king, the

Duke de Guise, who should marry the Infanta of Spain, the Duke de Mayenne, in his rage, made a truce ; in consequence of which, Henri came to St. Denis, where he was to receive his new religious instruction, and where soon after, he renounced his mother's religion, and openly embraced Popery, saying to the reformed ministers, after they had disputed the tenets of their faith with the Catholics, " Prudence demands that I should be of their religion, and not yours ; since being of theirs I am saved according to both your opinions ; whereas, if I am of your religion, I am saved according to your way of thinking, but damned according to them. Thus prudence requires that I should choose the most safe line."

The news of his conversion caused great pleasure and comfort all through France. The League was dissolved, the nobles and people had no excuse to fight against their lawful sovereign now that he recognized their true church, and the Pope could not long refuse to ratify the absolution his Cardinals had already given. Thus by his own sacrifice, he put an end to these religious wars in his divided country.

At last, after having been crowned at Chartres

some time before, he A.D. 1594 entered Paris in triumph, by the same Porte Neuve through which, six years before, his predecessor, Henri III, had made his escape. The same day the Spanish garrison went out, defiling before Henri, who said : " Give my compliments to your master. Go in peace ; but do not come back again here ;" and the same day, all Paris, relying on the goodness of their king, enjoyed perfect tranquillity, the citizens fraternizing with the troops, and the shopkeepers commencing their labours.

Such a good effect had the known kindness, generosity, and conduct of Henri on the inhabitants of his capital.

Two actions worthy of record marked his entry into Paris. Some creditors of la Noue, one of his captains, had seized his baggage. The debtor ran to his king to complain. " Noue," said the monarch aloud, " we must pay our debts ; I always pay mine"—then taking him aside, he gave him jewels sufficient to pay the demands upon him, and his baggage was restored.

The Duchess of Montpensier, one of the Guises, had always been his enemy. She, all trembling, saw the good old king on the evening of his en-

tering Paris, and the only rebuke she received, was an invitation to play a game at *écarté* with him.

Thus Henri shewed his sense of justice, and demonstrated his policy; but though master of Paris, he was by no means master of France. Towns and cities yielded daily, however, and though frequent conspiracies, fomented by the Jesuits, were discovered against his life, he escaped all; so well did Providence watch over the man who was to be such a benefactor to his country.

His piety, which we love to mention—for Henri had few faults, save his admiration of the fair sex—is beautifully exemplified at the Siege of Amiens in 1597. “O Lord,” said he, before beginning the assault, “I offer my head to thy justice: if it be to-day that thou wishest to punish me, as my sins deserve, spare not the guilty one; but take pity, O Lord, on this unhappy kingdom, and smite not the flock for the sins of the shepherd.”

We find him always, before commencing a grave or important action, demanding aid of his maker, or confessing his sins—a noble example for Monarchs to imitate in small as well as great matters.

At last, in '98, peace was made with Spain, and no one was more sincerely glad of it than

Henri IV. Not from fear, for these are his reasons :—" It is a barbarous thing, and against the laws of nature and Christianity to war for the love of war. A Christian prince should never refuse to conclude a peace unless it be altogether dishonourable or disadvantageous.

France had by this time almost entirely recognized him ; Spain was no longer to be his enemy ;* and so, after a life of warfare, the Monarch of Béarn was to repose in the capital of France, as its undisputed master, refusing to wage further war in these words :—" It has often happened that a man severely wounded, and dismounted, has succeeded in killing the adversary who would have made him ask his life."

Having dismissed his troops, and sent all the noblesse to live on their estates, he offered them an example of frugality himself, and begged them to be moderate and quiet in their style of living.

Towards the end of '98, he was taken suddenly ill, and in great danger. When at the worst point of his sickness, he made use of these noble words : " I fear not death at all. I have faced it at times of the greatest danger ; but I confess that I regret

* Philip II died this year, after enduring the most fearful agonies.

leaving this life before I have re-established this kingdom as I had proposed, and before I have proved to my people, by my good government of them, that I love them as if they were my own children."

On his recovery, he occupied himself with the internal arrangements of his country; searching out the most honourable and talented men to aid him in reducing the civil and military expenses—a labour in which he was so ably seconded by Rosny, Duke de Sully, a Protestant and true friend.

Though one cannot approve of the conduct of Henri with his mistresses, yet, as we know the marriage with Marguerite of Valois was an unhappy one, we may regard with mixed pleasure his constant affection during her life to Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess of Beaufort, for whom his tenderness never failed, and who endeavoured to nullify the marriage with Marguerite, in order that Henri might legitimate her children by him. Henri even sent a messenger to the Pope, to console her, and to request his divorce; but during the negotiations, the beautiful duchess died, to Henri's sincere sorrow; and after Gabrielle's

death, Marguerite, who during her rival's life had refused to give her consent, demanded also the divorce on account of her near relationship, and as she had been forced by her brother Charles to marry the king. The marriage was annulled consequently.

His children by Gabrielle he did not neglect ; and to shew his attachment to the memory of the mother, he promoted them all, and treated the Duke de Vendôme as his son, with great tenderness.

All who have visited the Louvre at Paris, will remember those enormous paintings by Rubens, which are an historical representation of the life of Marie de Medicis, from the day of her arrival at Marseilles as the bride of Henri IV, to the death of her noble husband. Of their value as specimens of art, I speak not ; but as an excellent painted history, they are worthy of the hero and lady they represent.

We have mentioned his intrigue with Henriette d'Entragues ; how well she played her part ; how the king sent her a royal present of 300,000 crowns ; how she extracted from him a written promise of marriage, and how Sully tore it up ;

how the king was wrath, and said to him thereupon, "What is this? Are you mad?" and how Sully replied, "Yes, sire, I am mad; and I wish I were the only one in France who was mad." These are scenes worthy of theatrical representation.

When the Duke of Savoy—who came to Paris to arrange a dispute with Henri—was on the point of leaving the court without having adjusted the difference, some advisers of the king, who knew how the duke had been tampering with several influential nobles, and especially had alienated the ungrateful Marèchal de Biron from his royal master, proposed his being arrested. Henri, ever generous and king-like, angrily replied, "You wish to dishonour me. I would rather lose my crown than be even suspected of having broken my word, although I had my greatest enemy in my power."

At Lyons, towards the end of 1600, on his return from Geneva, and during an expedition against the Duke of Savoy, he first met his new queen, Marie de Medicis, to whom he had been married by proxy. She had arrived at Marseilles in great pomp. Having settled his quarrel with

the duke, they returned together to Paris, where Henri took great pride in shewing her all he had built, as a proof of the wealth which by good management and frugality he had amassed, after paying off the national debt, and easing the weight of taxation on the country.

To the great joy of France and Henri, a son was born to him 1601, and was baptized Louis. He was afterwards known as Louis XIII, or Louis the Just;—a title little merited, and due, I believe, to some astrological flattery—or even better still, as the father of Louis XIV, the wise and victorious; the most enlightened monarch of his time. In Paris, and all through France, the news was received with shouts of joy, for an heir was born who had undisputed right to the throne; and thus France was preserved from future civil wars to defend the numerous pretenders.

The good king immediately, like a kind father, redoubled his labours in arranging the financial affairs of his kingdom, that he might leave them in good order and well regulated to his son; and indeed so thoroughly did he carry out his intentions, that with the aid of Sully, the taxes were reduced from 30 millions to 26, and in twelve years, notwithstanding the reduction, a national

debt of 147 millions was paid off, the frontier cities were put in good order, and 14 millions, equivalent to 30 millions now, were lodged in the Bastile.

At his death, Henri had paid off 296 millions of public debt, and had bought lands to the amount of 150 millions, whereas in 1596, he had had great difficulty in obtaining the sum of 800,000 francs to carry on the siege of Arras against the Spaniards. But a few years of strict and just economy, which he exacted in every department, and exercised in his own personal expenses, under able administration, enabled him to carry out these honourable intentions, and to leave to his son a flourishing kingdom, and a flourishing exchequer.

To this end he prohibited the exportation of bullion; introduced the manufacture of silks; forbade extortionate interest, which had already ruined many noble families and merchants; favoured the establishment of all kinds of manufactures; punished idleness; and above all, he himself looked into all the affairs of state with minute and searching care.

When the Maréchal Duke de Biron, was dis-

covered in full conspiracy with the Duke de Savoy against Henri, the king called him in, and twice exhorted him to confess his crime, endeavouring by all means to regain his lost friend; but Biron remained hardened, and became daily more insolent, saying, "that he had placed the crown on Henri's head, that he had restored peace to France, and that he was the supporter of the true religion." Henri, in his embarrassment, appealed to his God, as he was wont to do in all his difficulties, and is reported to have said, "that on rising from his prayer he felt himself quite free from the anxiety he had before experienced." He delivered Biron into the hands of justice, after having, for the third time, in his mercy, vainly entreated him to reveal his plot, and confess his crime. He was unanimously condemned by 150 judges to death, and executed immediately, and well he merited his fate; although, when sent as ambassador to our Elizabeth, he had seen the head of that queen's friend, Essex, on the Tower of London, and had heard from her royal lips that so rebels ought to be punished. Little did he imagine, while gazing at that mute, and perhaps fleshless head, that his own was to fall

beneath the executioner's axe, as the punishment of being a traitor to his sovereign.

In 1603-4, the domestic quarrels of Henri grew apace. However good and great a king, his private life with regard to his wives was far from proper. He never loved Marguerite, and therefore consoled himself with Gabrielle. He detested his new wife, Marie, and so sought for distraction with Henriette d'Entragues. Certainly princes may often be forced to form matrimonial alliances for the good of their country, or for political purposes, which are otherwise not palatable; but from no one should a people expect an example of domestic morality and happiness, more than from those whom God has appointed to rule over them.

'Tis, then, with regret that we have to record the vices of the otherwise great Henri. His wife and mistress were openly at war—one from a sense of unrequited love and insulted honour; the other from jealousy; and their quarrels were the scandal of the court. Henriette's insulting language to the queen, and her arrestation, the vacillation of the king, and his preference for his mistress, were not likely to ensure that quiet respect a well regulated and royal ménage demand.

Another serious fault which historians attach to this great king, is that he played—that he played high; and was timid and angry when he lost. That play is a horrid vice, and the spoiler of domestic happiness, too many know. The misery and agony it entails; the sleepless nights, and the morrow's regret it engenders, those who have that unhappy passion will all confess. But as regards Henri, this great man, like the sun, had his spots.

He was a merry boon companion—the oracle of his party, and the convivial friend; taking his wine with pleasure, and indulging in frequent amusement after the labours and fatigues of the day; and no one will grudge a monarch his innocent and moderate pleasures, when it is confessed that he but snatched his moments for enjoyment, from the hours he passed in working out the good of his country.

The old song in his praise—

“Vive ! Henri quatre !
Vive le roi vaillant !
Ce diable à quatre,
A le triple talent,
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être un vert gallant.”

will tell one his jovial qualities—qualities which,

in the age he lived in, constituted a "good fellow."

Like Hercules with Omphale, Henri sometimes forgot his princely dignity. One day, in the disguise of a peasant, he carried a load of straw on his back, in order to have an interview with Gabrielle ; and Henriette, Marquise de Verneuil, saw him more than once at her feet—a position not becoming a hero or a monarch.

Nor were these his only amours ;—they were his great passions only, for his intrigues were numberless. When king of Navarre only, the Countess of Guiche was the cause of many absurd frolics. Jacqueline de Bueil, and Charlotte des Essards, with numerous others, solicitous of the honour of having a royal lover, were at different times the object of his pursuit ; and thus he lost not only his domestic happiness, but that tone and "appui morale" necessary for carrying out the grand object of his ambition, the universal establishment of Christianity, and the destruction of the Ottoman power—a work well worthy of his heroic ardour, but which required a more religious life and practice than his scandalous intrigues

could countenance, to carry out with that pious zeal such a crusade would demand.

That this grand scheme was indeed his conception, and that he seriously meditated the carrying it into effect, Sully bears witness. Not only had he made overtures to the Pope, and all the puissant monarchs of Christendom, but had also planned the attack by sea and land, had chosen his captains general, had calculated the necessary supplies, and had proportioned the imaginary conquests; but whether it was that this admired of all admirers, lost caste by his private and domestic dissensions and intrigues, I know not—the work was never commenced, and the glory that would have crowned so well the hero's brow, was lost to him.

His death, which we have recorded before, cast sorrow and gloom all over France. The Jesuits, whom he had banished once, and had since re-installed; the Huguenots, with whom and for whom he had fought his first battles, and whom, though he never deserted them, he had been forced to separate from; the Catholics in general; nobles, bourgeoisie, and peasant; all, in fact,

lamented with true grief, their monarch's death. There was but one who rejoiced, and that one should have sorrowed more than all. No mockery of woe rung in the salons of the Louvre; no signs of mourning. Tears which should have bedewed the gory corpse were tears of joy: sighs which should have mounted on angels' lips to the maker of the world, in pity for the victim, were sighs for personal ambition;—revenge, disappointed though unmerited affection, jealousy, were satisfied. The monarch died, and his queen and wife was glad. The crown he had placed on her head but a few hours before, was hers; and alone of all France, the wife of his bosom regretted not her widowhood. Poor Henri! Did thy mistresses remember thee better? Let us hope so; for frailty, though thy name be woman,—when pain or anguish ring the brow, a ministering angel thou! and the past bliss, however delirious, however granted, is never obliterated from thy memory's faithful tablet. But He was a Hercules to France:—in overthrowing the famous League he cut off the Hydra's head:—he was greater than Alexander, whom he took so early for his model; and greater, also, than Pompey, because

he was quite as brave, and far more just ; because he did not gain fewer victories, and yet gained more hearts. He conquered the Gauls as well as Julius Cæsar ever did ; but he conquered them to give them their liberty, while Cæsar subdued them to be his slaves—he enriched them, while Cæsar robbed them. His reign was a model of good reigns, and his example a light to lighten princes yet to come.

Archbishop Pérefixe thus terminated the life of his hero, and impartially has he dealt with him—honouring his exploits, and like Froissart, not concealing his faults.

On earth he was all but divine,
 May his soul, too, immortally be ;—
 Then our sorrow may cease to repine,
 For where can he happier be ?

CHAPTER VIII.

WE all know what an important part religion, and religious discord, play in the history of a nation. I will slightly touch on this subject.

The first Bishop of Benearnum was St. Julien. He was sent from Trèves about the year of our Lord 400, during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, to convert the semi-barbarous tribes which inhabited the region of the Pyrénées.

The bishopric founded by this prelate was called Novella; and under the protection of those kings, recently converted to Christianity, St. Julien was able to sow, on the soil of his adoption, seeds which were destined to bring forth good fruit; but in the early times, and under his first immediate successors, the native population made a strong opposition to the new doctrines; and a little later, the Pagan hordes of the north overran and desolated Aquitania.

The Visigoths, too, although they did not openly declare themselves opposed to the tenets of Christianity, did not approve of these bishoprics in their conquered provinces; for, as they were Arians, they could barely tolerate a religion which acknowledged as one of its first dogmas, the divinity of its founder, a heresy they refused to receive.

Alaric II, more indulgent than his predecessors, allowed a re-union of bishops at Agde, near Cette, in the gulph of Lyons, A.D. 506, at which appeared two prelates of the Béarn, Galatoire and Grat, Bishop of Oloron.

Galatoire died a victim to the vengeance of the Goths, inasmuch as he, with the whole of Aquitania, had taken the side of the Arian Clovis, on his conversion to Christianity at Rheims, by St. Remi.

It was on Christmas Day, 496, that this monarch, with his two sisters, and 3000 soldiers, renounced Arianism, St. Remi crying out at the baptismal font, "Proud Sicambrian, lower thy head, and humble thyself. Burn what you have adored, and adore what you have burned."

Though there were many assemblies and coun-

cils of the church at Orleans, Tours, Lyons, &c., it is not again until 595, at the Council of Mâcon, at which forty-three bishops were present, that we hear of a prelate of the Béarn. Then we find Licerius, Bishop of Oloron, and Savin, Bishop of Béarn, amongst the patriarchs of the assembly. At this meeting all labour on the Sunday was forbidden, and tithes were ordered to be paid, on pain of excommunication on default, to the clergy.

The Vascons, during their possession of Novempopulania, have left no traces of their interference in religious matters; at least, the Archives have no mention of it; and the same thing may be said of the passage, or imaginary residence of the Saracens in the Béarnais valleys. There is no evidence of any conversion.

These infidels passed over the land like a torrent, laying waste all Christian property; but their persecutions only aroused the energetic opposition of the Béarn, and they disappeared, leaving after them but a vague, yet never to be forgotten *souvenir*.

Then the church had time to breathe; the dioceses of Benearnum and Oloron emerged from their hiding places, and began to recover them-

selves ; but the Norman invasion, more terrible than the Goths and Saracens, soon interfered with its progress.

Where the ancient Benearnum positively was situated, critics are in doubt. Some assert that Orthez was the original, but tradition has fixed it on the plain of Lescar. Marca himself fixes the site at Lescar. The bishopric of Lescar was founded and endowed by a Gascon knight, who had assassinated the Duke of Gascony, his lord. Touched with regret, and penitent, thinking how he might expiate his crime, he fled from the world, and retired to the valley of Lescar, where there was but a little chapel in the midst of a wood;—a meet and proper spot for such a retreat, at such a time !

The repentant murderer became monk here, and founded a convent, which was soon increased by the generosity of the neighbouring lords, and was the origin of the bishopric of Lescar.

The present ruins speak for the once important greatness of the city ; and the eccentric princes of those days, when the passions were so turbulent, and so easily excited for good or bad, might easily have transformed the little chapel in the wood

into the vast cathedral, on whose relics we gaze to-day with pleasure and reverence, and which shews that the piety of these early days was distinguished by princely liberality.

The Béarn was always an independant principality, of which the bishops were the chief barons.

Centullus Gaston, Viscount of Béarn, about the same period founded the Monastery of La Reole, and endowed it with many valuable presents, together with a Viscount de Louvignon. Many other notables also made handsome presents about the year 980, to the monastery.

The Monastery of Sordes sprung up about the same time, and was supported by many precious contributions ; for at this epoch the monasteries were filled up, not only with the poor, but with the wealthy of the land, who, satiated with ambition, and alarmed at the dangers in this world, sought for more peace than they could find abroad, and wished for death in quiet.

There was so much grief amongst the people who had no political liberty, so little trust in the present, and so much fear of neighbour invasions,

that many despised the good things of this world, and sought for some better comfort than earthly honour could procure them.

The holy asylums could not receive all the lacerated hearts which sought refuge in their sanctuaries. Knights in armour, and pilgrims in modest raiment, sought only the road to heaven ; and in France alone, 157 monasteries are known to have been erected by the pious or timid during the 10th century.

About this time, A.D. 996, we read of the first Papal aggression against the Gallican church. The Archbishop of Tours, who had married Robert, surnamed the Pious, to his cousin Berthe, with the bishop who had arranged the marriage, were excommunicated by Gregory V.

Robert, who tenderly loved Berthe, his wife, at first braved the decision of the Pope, and it was not till the self-condemned exile of the queen, that the edict of excommunication was recalled, and the king with his people enjoyed tranquillity.

This pious but weak monarch, was one of the first to submit to Papal intolerance. The crafty Gregory knew the weak intellects of the people,

and by frightening them and preaching against their feeble king, this human authority became paramount.

In 999, the end of the world was prophesied and announced. A comet was seen, and at its disappearance, a long-tailed fiery dragon. Three suns observed at once ; meteors, showers of corn and fish, armies of fire which fought together in the air, were some of the miracles of the period. A total eclipse of the sun added to the general panic, in a manner I have since witnessed among the savage Aborigines of Australia. Everybody ran about shouting " Tremble and repent !" Nothing but absolute and pressing wants were attended to. Chateaux, lands, goods, and wealth were given over to the churches and monasteries, and right well did Papal cunning know how to seize the moment, and appropriate what fear and danger left at its equivocal mercy.

A few days before the last day of December, 999, all the world was in the church, and thought of nothing but salvation, by being found in the church when the seven angels should sound their trumpets.

Well did the wily priests profit by the panic,

and gather into their garners the rich harvest, which, by the former dawn of a brighter intellect, had been gradually alienated from them; and well did they use their powers of sorcery and witchcraft to enrich themselves and their crafty coadjutors, by imposing on the credulous temperament of a desponding and awe stricken people.

On their recovery, and after breathing awhile, with what feelings must they have beheld the change in their position;—the power they had sacrificed, and the enormous wealth the church, by corrupt influence, and by irreligious and lying blasphemy, had gathered to itself. Well indeed may the Priests of the beginning of the 11th century be supposed to have held an enormous influence over their supporters, and well indeed might they expect, sooner or later, a change of opinion; for, as in these more modern times, and as it will be unto eternity, where the money is, there is the power; where riches reside, intolerance pervades; and whether it be a Protestant or Catholic, ambition, with wealth to support it, will carry all before it, little scrupulous of its means of progress.

The Catholics had gained wealth, which gives power, by fostering inordinate and ungodly fears. They had deceived the world when they ought to have enlightened it; they had preached poverty and humility when they were aspiring to all honours, and filling their coffers with all worldly riches; they were advocating equality before the Lord, when they were growing fat on the robberies of their neighbours. And very clever they were; for if warriors and knights, old and young, beauty and virtue, were awed by their presence, they must have possessed an amount of cunning, and an allowance of bold persuasion which we know not of in these more modern times. I do not say that we are happier in this ignorance; yet the world is becoming so enlightened, that too much learning will turn it mad. A man now reads so many books that he remembers nothing; a man sees so many places, that he is confused in his ideas; and hears of so many religions, sects, churches, and forms, that really he doubts the sanity of his senses, and roams in darkness, searching the truth, which all direct him to, by about as many roads as there are windings in a labyrinth.

But these most eloquent persuaders were only

to sow the grain which was to take root on other soil, and bring forth other fruit to their lasting confusion.

Such were the sentiments A.D. 1000. Terror was on all the Christian world. The end of the first thousandth year was to be the end of the world. The priests preached it, their hearers believed it. Kings, dukes, knights, and gentlemen, bond and free, eager to obtain heavenly treasures, prepared with penitence for the awful migration.

He only was happy who at the trumpet's sound should be found prepared in some sacred haunt, bent on some pious occupation, and dead to the world, ready to meet his Lord and Judge.

The priests, instructed in their religious politics, could not have felt so, but intentionally encouraged the panic to gather the wealth into their barns; and profited by the excitement of the moment to gain a terrible dominion, unmixed with Christian love, over their discouraged flocks.

Thus, and by these means were the monasteries and churches in the beginning of the 11th century enriched. Forgiveness of sins was bought by the donation of so much land, and admission to heaven

was purchased by the loss of earthly possessions. The Saviour, who came on earth to save the poor, and heal the broken-hearted, who had not himself a place whereon to lay his head, was only to be approached after the entire resignation of this world's goods to the church, who were to grow fat upon them.

The ministry of peace and love were to be rich here, for the trouble they took in shewing to the rest, that God preferred "those hungered and were athirst."

All the diocesan archives contain notes of presents made by princes and princesses, who retired to convents with their treasures, only requesting in return a last retreat, a pardon, and a monk's cowl.

As an instance, we find the seigneur of Oloron, in the Béarn, presenting to the monastery of Luc, near Navarrenx, two villages, and retiring to it with all his family.

The Duke Sanche of Gascony, founded the monastery of Lassun, and St. Pé, in the Bigorre, and enriched the bishopric of Lescar by great possessions. Centullus Gaston, and the Count of Armagnac, are to be found also as contributors.

Thus we read in the early part of the 11th cen-

ture of the numerous condemnations of Gnostics, who, seeing things in their true colours, would not be awed by the shaven heads of the Catholic priests, nor intimidated by their persecutions, for they preferred dying at the stake, martyrs to their faith and opinions, than yielding to Papal rule, though backed by the authority of their sovereigns.

The rupture of the Greek church occurred in 1053. Michael Cerularius finished what Plotius had begun in 853, and established at Constantinople an opposition to the Latin church. Thus we see before the terrible Millennium, there had been divisions in the camp, and as soon as these terrors wore away, and man began to think, the hideous errors were immediately discovered and disavowed by many in the grasping church of ambitious Rome.

That it was by no means a rare thing for whole families to vow themselves and their wealth to some neighbouring monastery, we find in the early histories of all Catholic countries. We need not be astonished then to hear of a noble Béarnais who retired from the world with his wife, his son, and his daughter, to take refuge in a monastery during the 12th century. The daughter, however, more weak than the rest, or overcome by

some more powerful feeling, quitted the veil to marry a neighbouring lord. The monastery consented to her wish, but made arrangements at this early period for her ransom, on the condition that she granted them a mill.

These ages were witnesses, says a Catholic writer, of great corruptions, of fearful vices, which sullied the dignitaries of church and state; and without blame to priest more than noble be it said, for either was ambitious of power, and considered the minds or bodies of the weak or poor but so many stepping-stones to their ascendancy; temporal or spiritual.

Gregory VII published and declared the supremacy of the Papal church over all temporal power, and excommunicated the Emperor of Germany, Henri IV, because he refused to acknowledge this superiority. The war waxed fierce between the Emperor and the Pope, but superstition won the day; and so thoroughly did the spiritual power overcome the temporal, that the Emperor was obliged to retire alone, and without friends, after having in open council excommunicated the Pope.

Gregory took from the temporal princes the

power to invest the laity with preferment, checked the debauchery of kings, and succeeded in making them bow to the sanctity of his tiara.

This pontiff, by a notice, made his appearance once in the Béarn, to settle a question of divorce between Centullus IV, and his too near relation, the noble Gisle.

By a deed dated 1078, the Pope ordered the Viscount of Béarn to separate himself from his wife, as their union was of too close relationship, and therefore illegal. Amatus, Bishop of Oloron, was charged with the delivery of the pontifical sentence, and the Viscount of Béarn bowed to his doom, though loving tenderly his wife. Such hold had the terrors of excommunication, so far off, and so far back, on the mind even of princes! Such power over the mind of the greatest had words, issued some thousand miles off, and sent by letter to swordless champions,—over the most profligate and most arrogant of the time.

The Archbishop Beranger, of Tarragon, in Catalogne, was murdered under dreadful circumstances by his nephew, William Raymond, Viscount of Béarn, and brother of Gaston VI,

A.D. 1194. Marca gives in full length the bull of Celestin III. "Celestinus Episcopus, the servant of the servants of God, to his beloved children of Tarragon, health and apostolical benediction." The crime of the Viscount was denounced in all Christendom, a public penance was performed, and he was obliged to go to Tarragona and walk barefooted into the churches there, and then allow himself to be beaten with stripes, perhaps very lightly, at the entrance of each church by a priest. He was, moreover, to go with ten gendarmes and thirty archers, well accoutred, to fight five years at his own cost in the Holy Land, to fast on bread and water every Friday during his life, and to do numerous acts of charity. Marca does not say whether he rigidly observed this penance, but believes that he died a very pious man.

Thus we see what authority the Papal thunders had over the most distant provinces, and perhaps we may not regret that there was some generous intervention to smooth down as much as possible the crimes of the lords, and to restrain their fierce passions, even though the hands which chastised were not the most gentle, nor their manner the most agreeable.

The populace of course must have been awe struck, and perhaps gratified to see the chieftains they feared, bowing to the religion they each and all acknowledged ; and must have admired the distant power which could protect them from too horrible crimes and misery.

In the year 1104, we find an instance of superstition quoted as a proof of the power of the church. The Bishop of Lescar lost a living, which had been seized from him by the Viscount of Dax. He had recourse to spiritual arms, and the Viscount refusing to listen to the excommunication of a bishop, was seized with leprosy, and died. Of course the Bishop made the most of this sudden death to impress on the weak minded his great power and might, and the folly of disobedience to his orders.

A second viscount, maintaining also his right to the property, very curiously fell ill also. Leprosy was again given out as the cause of his death ; and though perhaps one might now-a-days have some scruples in imputing the second death to such a disease, the people believed it, and the Bishop gained his lands, and struck terror into the minds of his flock.

M. Mazure with truth says, that in these barbarous times the people gave themselves up to bloody wars, and savage revenge, and that the church came in to check as much as possible these inhuman scenes. No doubt this is true. The church did do good in restraining these bad and unruly passions ; but was it done in true charity, and out of pure love ? What were the means employed ? Were they persuasions, exhortations, advices to educated minds ? No—it was awe, dread, and superstitious terror. One human voice could quell the fiercest passions ; one daily increasing church enriched itself by magic.

Marca says, (p. 552) “ The inhabitants of the valley d’Aspe entered with arms into the valley of Lavedan, near Bétharam, between the Béarn and the Bigorre, having perhaps some border incursion to avenge, or some petty feud to satisfy, as they were frequently at war together. An abbé of the neighbouring monastery of St. Savin got up, and having pronounced ‘ quelques conjurations dans un liure de magic troubla le sens des Aspois en telle sorte, qu’ils furent mis hors de défense par la force des enchantemens et demeurèrent exposés à la discrétion de leurs ennemis de Lavedan, qui

en firent une sauglante boucherie et les tuerent tous de sang froid.' ”

The Pontiff did not remain deaf to the remonstrances of the Aspois ; he fulminated a terrible anathema against their enemies, and during six years the bloody valley of Lavedan was a prey to desolation and sterility, until the latter, acknowledging their crime, implored the pity of the Pope, and then the Bishops of Lescar and Tarbes assembled ten deputies of each valley, and made them swear peace, on pain of the curse devolving on the party refusing.

M. Mazure thus remarks upon this passage of the historian :—“ Setting aside what may be legendary and marvellous, one observes that the eye of the church was ever open, even on its most distant regions, and to the most trivial quarrels, and that the humblest valleys had the aid of the sovereign pontifical power.”

If to strengthen superstition, and to prove that what was naturally the will of God, viz. : that the valley should not return its fruits as usual, were the result of Papal fulmination—if such were the wishes of the priests, they gained their day, and succeeded ; but I can only see how that

the church was keenly alive to take advantage of any panic to serve their views, and did not fear to descend to pretended magic in the furtherance of its will.

Gaston IV mixed with the chivalrous heroes of his day, and is mentioned as figuring with Tancred, Godfrey de Bouillon, at the siege of Antioch, where he distinguished himself; and while he was absent fighting for Christendom, on the burning sands of Palestine, the knights he had left at home were constantly employed in checking the excursions of the Saracens in Spain, and defending the faith.

In the little state of Béarn, as in the more important empires of the world, religious and civil quarrels existed; but in the Béarn, it would appear that the church succeeded in establishing a superiority, and by the protection of its monasteries and abbeys, afforded to the unhappy serfs a check on tyranny. Thus we see how each strived for the mastery, secular or ecclesiastic—personal ambition the incentive; the weapons of man, or the often abused words of God, the instruments of promotion.

The different well known orders of the Knights

of St. John, and the Templars, were established about the year 1113, and about 1137 we first hear of the Albigenses and reform. Already, on account of the numerous abuses introduced into the management of religious affairs, the spirit of investigation produced in the south of France different sects, whose endeavour was to reform the existing church.

It was a religious epoch. While many were called on to fight the battle of faith on the sultry plains of Syria, others at home were employed in sifting out the wheat from the tares, and in weeding the overgrown and too long neglected abuses which obscured the understanding.

The Albigenses do not appear to have made much progress in the Béarn, though contiguous to Albi, where the head quarters of the sect stood their ground; and though Valdo (after whom another sect was called the Valdenses) preached in their native tongue, and translated the Scriptures. Gaston VI, in 1180, took part with the Albigenses against the Count of Toulouse.

The church of Rome, notwithstanding the ubiquity of these sects, flourished here. Although the monks lived very badly, yet the serfs found

some protection in the neighbourhood of a monastery, against the selfish concupiscence of their temporal lords.

At the meetings of the states of Béarn, the Bishops of Oloron and Lescar sat on either side of the Prince, and were very jealous of exacting their privileges and enforcing their priority.

The monasteries founded by the princes usually became the centres of commerce and prosperity. This was natural, for, where many congregated together for mutual protection, more security might be expected, and a more flourishing community exist; and as the monasteries were generally near some grand seigneur's abode, the people were doubly protected by a spiritual and temporal power.

Centullus IV separated from his wife Gisla, and having to expiate his crime of too close connexion, endowed richly the priory and church of St. Foy, at Morlas, and had them put under the authority of Hugues, Abbé of Cluni. Morlas soon became the chief city of the Béarn; and the privileges, the immunities, the laws and customs (corresponding nearly to our Magna Charta), conferred by the lords of Béarn at their

accession, from 1080 to 1390, to their capital, extended its reputation.

Gaston IV, who succeeded Centullus IV, about 1088, built perhaps the most remarkable religious establishment in the Béarn. Near Urdos, in the vallée d'Aspe, one of the communications between Spain and the Béarn, he founded the monastery of St. Christine, as a retreat for the poor, the pilgrims, and wayfarers. It was built on the very highest point of the mountains, under the following curious circumstances:—"The workmen not approving of the site chosen, were attracted frequently by a wood pigeon, which came often to perch itself on a box tree. On examining the spot, they found a cross which it had let fall, and considering it a good augur, they built the church on the spot, and all around, on any favourable point, numerous little houses for the storm stayed passengers."

Pilgrims from all parts passed by this path into Spain, on their way to Santiago, where devotees repaired to offer up their vows. The monarchs of Spain, Hungary, and Bohemia, enriched the establishment, as it was the most dangerous point on the route. The Pope Innocent III, in a bull

dated 1216, describes it as "the hospital of St. Christine—one of three in the world."

This monastery existed in use until 1569, when Montgomery forced the priests and canons to desert it. In 1593, it was partially destroyed by the king of Spain; and 1607, the Pope Paul, at his desire, ordered its suppression, and united it, with its endowments, to the bishopric of Sarra-gossa.

The hospital of Gabas, which was dependent on St. Christine, with many others, was also founded by Gaston IV as a house of refuge for the poor travellers; and it is to be observed, that the knights and lords who did these good things, did them in the hopes that they might save their souls and redeem their lives, which had been spent in perhaps the greatest sin.

The monks of this latter hospital founded the city of Nay, near Coraaze, to this day celebrated for its manufactories of linen and "basques," or peasant's bonnets. The preamble of the charter which gave immunity to Morlaas (a specimen of the like form is attached to most of the documents of this period, in Latin) was thus couched by its donor Gaston :—"I, Gaston, a sinner, have ran-

somed this city of Morlaas, for the repose and safety of my soul, as also for that of my wife, my sons and daughters. May the Almighty prosper me in all my doings ; may he deliver me from my enemies ; and after death may he receive me into his holy paradise." Some lords of Béarn even went further, and gave freedom to their serfs, saying after this form—"Since Jesus came into the world to free us from the bondage of sin, we ought to free mankind from slavery ; for he has told us, ' Loose, and you shall be loosened ; ' and he said to his apostles, ' You are my brethren.' Wherefore, if we be brethren, should we keep our fellow creatures in bondage ?"

These two forms may serve to shew that the Béarn was not behind other countries in granting immunities, and free institutions ; and few states have more certain evidence of the early liberality of their lords.

But not content with fulminating Papal edicts, and using spiritual weapons to enrich themselves, the priests had often recourse to carnal weapons, and selected from the numerous volunteers whom faith or blindness introduced to them, champions to decide by duel the cause in question.

The cavalier, armed by the protection of the church, and confident in the supposed sanctity of his dispute, would naturally often vanquish the competitor, who would feel weakened by the want of sympathy, and the idea that he was warring against his religion.

This appeal to arms for church property was frequent, and generally ended in the favour of the priests, who might have employed we know not what means to ensure their champion's success.

Thus we find Amatus, Bishop of Oloron, and Bernard, Bishop of Dax, fighting by champions for the right of some ten parishes which either claimed.

How wonderful that reason could tolerate a religion which required war to support it; that the religion of peace and goodwill towards man should have been so shamefully prostituted! But there had been no Walter Scotts to assure them that moral courage could support Ivanhoes to fight and conquer, in their lists, even the most mighty knight Templars, when their cause was unjust.

About 1302, there were serious disputes between the church and the lords of the Béarn, as

to the right of the church insisting on its tithes. Often the lords prevented the priests' entry to their churches, by forbidding them to pass over their lands. Guy, Bishop of Lescar, spent his whole life in recovering his lost properties. Robert of Bizanos was sued by him, but preferred paying the fine to undergoing the ordeal of hot iron, which was the alternative of his not restoring the Bishop his disputed rights. It must have been an agreeable age for a proprietor to have lived in.

Lescar was always the chief bishopric of the Béarn, and condemned to be so till the time of Jeanne d'Albret and the reform; and it boasts of forty-three bishops from the time of St. Julien to the time of Henri de Salette, in 1643.

Oloron also had risen to a most important height. It was the second bishopric of the Béarn, and counted from Gratus, mentioned above as assisting A.D. 506 at the council of Agde, to Jean de Miossens, son of the first governess of Henri IV, A.D. 1650, about forty-three bishops. It had become, through the generosity of the nobles, a most rich see.

The clergy of the Béarn had witnessed the right of fines passing from their hands into the

power of the temporal lords. At the council general of Latran, in March, 1179, where 302 bishops of all nations attended, it was forbidden that church property, become lay property, should be sold to the laity. The lords of Béarn opposed this canon ; but events caused the properties to revert to their former grasping masters. Whether of their own good will on the part of the lords, or by violence and other undue means on the side of the church, if we may judge from the parallel pages in our own history, it will not be difficult to decide. There we read of blind pilgrimages to à Beckett's shrine, and the superstition of the French king, Louis; and find our king of England humbled so far as to supplicate the Pope Alexander to excommunicate his enemies ; and, the excommunication not having due effect or the required force, putting a scourge of discipline into the hands of the monks, and allowing himself to be beaten on his bare back ! so great hold had the superstition of the day on the minds even of kings.

The religious concerns of the Béarn went on peaceably and quietly for a long period. Oloron and Lescar maintained their superiority. Occa-

sional disputes between the temporal and spiritual masters are mentioned, but the clergy managed to keep their grasp upon the mind, and to conduct in comparative peace, and consequent despotism, the religious affairs of the nation until the reign of Henri IV's mother.

CHAPTER IX.

As Bayonne is the sole bishopric of the Béarn to-day (although at Tarbes in the Bigorre, much nearer Pau, there is another), a few words on its foundation may not be uninteresting.

Bayonne became a city before the arrival of the Normans in 845, and was in the 10th century one of the old towns of Gascony, according to Bishop Arsius. It is to be remarked that at Agde, in 506, no bishop of Bayonne appears ; yet it has been asserted, that St. Leon, commonly reputed to be the first bishop, was not so actually. He lived about 900, in the time of Charles the Simple, who, at the division of the kingdom of France, had allotted to him the south ; and very probably there had been bishops there before the Norman invasion.

St. Leon was a young priest of Normandy. He had been cited by the Pope to preach the gospel in the diocese of Bayonne, in the 10th century. The diocese was then almost idolatrous. At the will of the sovereign pontiff, the bishop leaves Rouen, and wends his way on foot, with two brothers, to the people the Pope had designed as his flock.

Reaching Lapurdum about sunset, he found the gates of the city shut, on account of the Gascons, who haunted the neighbourhood. He was obliged, therefore, to sleep in a hut near the Nive.

On the morrow he awoke betimes, and knocking at the city gate, requested a parley with the inhabitants. On being led to the public square, he boldly spoke out the authority for his mission, and immediately many persons prayed to be baptized by him.

But there were idolators in that place, and it required some labour to eradicate vanity, and to introduce Christ; yet, after some time, he succeeded, and went preaching the gospel in the regions round about.

On his return, however, he found his former

work undone; that the evil spirit had been tampering with his converts, and had choked the good seed by the tares; but nothing daunted, he recommenced his task, preaching the Saviour lustily.

One day, as he was preaching on the banks of the Nive, the savages attacked and massacred him, cutting off his head. Legend says that the headless trunk of St. Leon stood erect an entire hour, and that afterwards, he having picked up his head, walked and carried it eighty paces; and that where the martyr's blood flowed down on the soil, a miraculous fountain, which to-day is shown, immediately thereupon rose up.

Legends are legends: the Rhine is full of them; and I doubt if we should view that majestic river with such feelings of poetic pride as we do, did not the legends attach interest and importance to the spot, and were we not able to cull from the fairy tales some masked truth.

Bayonne had been an idolatrous city. The Normans had established their worship: it was for the martyr, St. Leon, to introduce, at the price of his life, the religion of his master; and all are unanimous that he was one of the first

bishops of Bayonne. According to an old deed, dated 381, there was a bishop of Lapurdum named Ictassicus, but its authenticity is dubious ; but by a later writer, A.D. 587, the author of the "Chronicles of Bayonne," the city is set down as an ancient one ; and, as it was one of the fourteen cities of Novempopulania, it may be that a bishopric existed there ; and even though not represented by its bishop at Agde, as the Béarn otherwise was, it may be rash, on that account only, to doubt its antiquity.

Raymond de Bazas, says Marca, was the successor of the Bishop Arsius, although the date of his existence, 1040, leaves no doubt but that there were others between them. This Raymond held six bishoprics in Gascony ; in fact, he was a pluralist, though Marca observes it was an abuse.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Raymond, which proves tolerably well two things—namely, that Raymond de Bazas, like a good Catholic, had not married ; and again, that his nephew did not approve of so many bishoprics being united under one person, as Marca only mentions his holding three—Bazas, Dax, and Bayonne.

It is far easier to follow the history of the

bishoprics of the Béarn, where the bishops were often the lords, or, at any rate, spiritual heads, and engaging, as in all smaller states, vast power and consideration ; but Bayonne was under the alternate sway of England and France, and that may account for its general history being little known. Its insignificance was great in comparison with the greater powers, who held it in subjection ; and so, as in similar cases, the religious affairs of the minor states are forgotten or neglected in the more important accounts of the ruling power.

There is a small book, entitled the "Chronicles of Bayonne," which has preserved the names of the bishops and mayors ; but otherwise little is left of its ecclesiastic greatness, which was swallowed up or lost sight of in its more important secular advantages.

M. Mazure says, "In general it is a happy and desirable thing that the religious history of a bishopric should be distinguished by as little noise as possible. Happy is that Christian people when its church glides quietly on without leaving vestiges of its past career, unless it be by the benefits it has conferred.

The best idea I can entertain of the well being

of a church when I search into its history, is to find history dumb about it." And indeed M. Mazure is right, for as Shakspeare says—

"Men's evil actions live after them ;
Their good die with them."

The extent of the bishopric of Bayonne remained as it was under the title deeds of Arsius, and was confirmed by Papal bulls in its integrity in the 12th century. It remained intact until the religious wars broke out, but at the time of the Reformation, Philip II of Spain, who was married to our Mary Tudor of England, prevailed on Sixtus V. to unite the Spanish portion of the diocese of Bayonne to the diocese of Pampeluna, which was done.

Philip II of Spain is well known, also, as having married, in the second place, Elizabeth, daughter of the fanatic Italian, de Medicis, and as having been cotemporaneous with the glorious Henri IV.

CHAPTER X.

IN the cursory history of the lives of the Viscounts of Béarn, especially in those of Henri d'Albret, of Antoine de Bourbon, his queen, and the subsequent rulers, I have glanced over the religious discord and religious feeling which spread so much ruin over this ill fated country.

I shall now shortly trace the cause of the troubles in Béarn during the 15th and 16th centuries—a period the most important in her history.

The early ages had been remarkable for their blindness ; for, from A.D. 400, the date of the introduction and organization of Christianity, up to the beginning of the 11th century, the Béarn had been almost entirely under the dominion of its priests.

From that period up to the year 1516, we hear

of several religious enthusiasts, the followers of Wickliff in England, A.D. 1380, the Deist Hus-sites, A.D. 1415, in Bohemia, the fanaticism of Jeanne d'Arc in France, A.D. 1429, the Inquisitors in Spain, and the desire of the clergy to tyrannize over the Béarn. The right of selling dispensations and indulgences—a mode of obtaining money authorized by Leon X—preceded immediately the Reformation.

Luther, the founder of our reformed religion (a religion eminently derived from its parent Rome, ere its errors and monstrosities had blackened its face), began to preach his doctrines about 1516, Francois I, the father of literature, Henry VIII of England, and Henri II of Navarre, father of the great reformist Jeanne d'Albret, being co-temporary monarchs at the time of his appearance.

Born a simple workman, it would appear that God had chosen him from his humble position to come forth and purge the then existing state of the church; for all good people deplored the evils they beheld, and asked of heaven to send some men endowed with the spirit of God, whose zeal might preserve the world from becoming a wild and barren garden.

Having studied at Eisenach, and having taken his degree in philosophy at Erfurth, he succeeded in confounding the theologians at Rome, and returned to Saxony, where he uttered most just and violent philippics against the indulgences of the clergy. He attacked with vehemence the dogmas of Rome, and declared that the possessions of the church required an immense reform ; at the same time denying the infallibility and supremacy of the Pope.

He cast the gauntlet of defiance in the face of the Dominican order, by publishing numerous articles against the selling of indulgences, and gained over to his side nearly all the princes of the north, and even many provinces in France ; and thus, from a religious discussion, opinions became so divided, and so warmly advocated or rejected, that war was the only means left to decide the justice or injustice of his accusations.

Leon X awakened at last from his lethargy, when his terrified sense saw how huge the monster was becoming, denounced the Saxon as a heretic, his writings and opinions as obstinately wicked, and ordered all the princes to seize and punish him. Luther replied to this by burning publicly, on the

market-place at Wittemburg, the bull of his condemnation, and several volumes on canonical rights. For this and other acts he was cited before the Diet of Wurms, A.D. 1521, and condemned; but the Elector of Saxony concealed him in the chateau de Wartbourg, near Eisenach, where he remained shut up a year. I have seen the spot, and trembled with joy at seeing the deliverer's sojourn. The Patmos, whence he wrote, is worthy of being visited by all Protestants; for from that hospitable prison, he published all the works which saved us from religious slavery.

The Lutherans, or disciples of Luther, took the name of Lutherans, Protestants, and Calvinists, after the celebrated council of Augsbourg in 1530; but all the epithets were lost in the one grand name which our religion to-day bears.

Luther supported the man; the Pope wished to degrade man, and render him little better than the beast that toileth. The Pope was to say all, maintain all, dictate all, and enjoy all. Luther said he had no right to do so; and ages since, we have been of Luther's opinion. He died poor as he was born, but he died *immortal*.

Everything, says Bossuet, announced the want of a reform in the chiefs and members of the church. Discipline was neglected, piety had chilled, ignorance was remarkable, and yet luxury was the order of the day ;—not even the sanctuary was exempt from ambition and sordid avarice.

At this moment appeared two apostles—Luther, more known in Germany, and Calvin, in France ; and as we cannot but admit that kings and princes were generally as well, or oftentimes better informed and instructed than the public community, we may hail with delight the idea that originally it was by the influence of northern kings that the true light of religion gleamed over the infatuated world.

Thence we may draw two influences—that the enlightened persons of these early days saw the vices of the church of Rome, and had courage to oppose them ; and that it was not the number, but the educated minority, who first cried out for relief from the tyranny of priestly wolves in sheep's clothing.

The church of Rome declares, that had the new dogmas been nipped in the bud, had the ridiculed ideas been at once crushed, division and heresy

would not have been known. But the world cried out for change. One daring champion stands forth, and Christendom, with her princes, supports him. No Papal thunder, once so terrible, could awe the zealous converts, who saw the reality before them; and it is to be remarked, that at the very beginning, as if the flames had been fanned by the breath of Jehovah, the signal was at one and the same instant echoed forth from the uttermost part of civilized Europe, from Germania to the shores of Britannia, even in the face of the fulmen of Rome.

We have mentioned the warning lesson read at the massacre of Bartholomew; the scenes of horror practised in France by the Atheist and diabolical Italian in religion's name; the bigotry and vice of Spain; the cold-blooded butcheries in England; and the less well known but more easy to be supposed atrocities which sullied the Inquisition and the Vatican. The combat was for this. Is man a sensible being, endued with the power to think? or is a self-created demi-god to think for all? Man, to whom God gave the power to look up on high, was to cringe before his fellow, or die at the stake! Man then battled

for freedom of thought, as he would battle again to day ; and the devil tried all he could, but without success, to reduce him to his former ignorance and nothingness.

In the Béarn, immortal for this alone, the light shone more brightly from its proximity to the dark horizon of Spain ;—the contrast with the real and ideal could not for a moment exist. Spain, Rome, and Paris conspired against the intelligent lady who then wielded the sceptre of Béarn, and wished to hand her over to the Inquisition ; but by her example, good conduct, and reasonings, she banished the Catholics from her dominions, and raised high over the chateau of Gaston the standard of freedom.

She had not the riches of her opponents ; she had not the cunning Guise to espouse her cause ; she had not the wealth imported from foreign isles to fill her coffers, or to purchase conversion. No— with her own right hand, and her own right mind, aided by heaven, she stayed the progress of blindness and superstition, infused the spirit of education over her lands, and by her own example, converted immorality into good conduct.

She caused the catechism of the Protestants to be translated into the language of her own people, founded a college at Orthez, and fought with all the zeal of a martyr to plant firmly on her soil the open truth, which the priest denied our blessed Bible to contain.

We have seen how the perfumed arts of the wily Italian carried her off, when, despising any thought of self, she repaired to the traitor's palace to arrange her son's marriage, and heal the festering dissensions in her country by the noble sacrifice of her own and son's prejudices.

The best proof of the high estimation attached to the new doctrines is the rapid progress it made. The deadly ravages of the cholera were not more rapid than the sure advance of this scourge to Papacy. Germany nurtured the zealous reformer ;—France, Switzerland, and Britannia echoed his ennobling theories. The age of darkness and monastic mystery, was to disappear, and reasoning man was to think for himself, and prove to his God and the world that the noblest title the Creator had given him had only lain dormant for awhile, like the comet we see but rarely, to shine

forth again in bright and brilliant lustre, and confound primæval chaos.

Some unseen power directed the early circumstances which attended the introduction of our religion. Jehovah's hand guided them invisibly, as he did the Israelites over the red Sea, or the Papal Pharoahs, who were in name legion, would have crushed their hated Hydra with their Herculean club. An almost supernatural aid was required to ensure conviction, when that conviction was contrary to the faith of their fathers, and scouted as heretical and damnable by the thunders of a till then all powerful church. But God saw the world—that it was wicked and blind ; revering Mammon more than him. His jealousy was aroused, and by his inscrutable means he performed his will against all the opposition of mortal antagonism.

The first Reformer we read of in the Béarn is Gerard Roussel, of Picardy, Professor in the University of Paris, a man remarkable for his eloquence, his knowledge, and regular conduct. Obligated to hold their primitive meetings in obscurity and retirement, their very persecution attracted the attention of the noble minded princes,

and prompted them to seek that they might find, and when they found the truth, their fidelity was as remarkable as their example was persuasive.

Roussel was favourably received by the queen of Navarre, Marguerite, the most accomplished lady of her age, whose rigid piety was celebrated over all her lands. With Henri d'Albret, her husband, she listened to the preachings of Roussel, in her own palace, and appointed him bishop of Oloron. Thus openly recognized, the religion took root, and the priests were in despair when they saw the same princes sowing with one hand the seeds that lead to salvation, and with the other encouraging those peaceful arts which might make the earth produce her increase. By her care, the soil of Béarn, often so inhospitable to production, became a charming land—well cultivated, and well peopled. Liberty, gaiety, wit, good manners, and love of labour, were the distinctive attributes of the nation. This is allowed by a fair Catholic writer, and we may thank him for the confession, which admits that the introduction of the new religion was the cause of liberty to the subject, and blessing to the nation.


Henri d'Albret, after having passed much time

at the court of France, where he must have witnessed all the intrigues and the endeavours of Rome to retain its authority over royalty and the world, returned to his quiet Béarn: there he joined his queen, Marguerite, in support of the new light. François I, at one time, was on the point of becoming Protestant; Melancthon had almost persuaded him, but the subtle Cardinal de Tournon, who was ever by his side, got him to postpone his decision.

All persons of talent were well received at the court of Marguerite. The greatest orators, authors and poets of France repaired to her court of Clerac, and the energetic Protestants, by their disinterestedness, gained the confidence of the public. Jeanne d'Albret inherited all the vigour of her mother's intellect, and all her courage. She would never have been forced to chaunt for her father's will, "*nouste dame, deou cap deou poun,*" had not her father known her character; nor would she have been able for so long a period, almost unaided, to have combated by force, both of arms and argument, the overwhelming majorities and potent powers arrayed against her, had not her intellect rivalled her courage.

When in her youth and beauty, she almost refused to recognize the creed of her husband, Antoine de Bourbon, "liking better a dance than a sermon;" but later, when her more fickle husband bartered liberty of thought for the enchantments of Rome, and the allurements of court, she became a rigid Calvinist, and a determined zealot. She had seen and heard, and she was confirmed.

Though menaced by France, though Spain was ready to daunt her, though the Catholics, and the threats of her husband in later days conspired against her, she, having chosen her path, stuck to it nobly—she was inexorable. She would have sacrificed all, everything, to her conviction;—and this is much to say in the age she lived in, amid the dangers by which she was surrounded; and when alone in France, she dared to express her sentiments, and was ready to support them. Few traces of the Roman religion existed where she had sway; and though popular tradition declares that she hurled the priests headlong into the Gave, at Orthez, it is not to be believed in its broadest sense, or without examining facts. That she punished rebels, and those who would not obey her temporal power BECAUSE SHE WAS PRO-



TESTANT, may perhaps be true; and she was right. She was the lawful sovereign, and had to maintain her lawful sway; but if there were Roman Catholics who suffered unjustly, not hers only the fault;—lay not the sin only or entirely to her charge: she was the glory of the Béarn, and by her example won over thousands to see and appreciate the truth, though she was forced to maintain her authority when divisions tortured her lands, and priests used all their wiles to outdo her.

How easy to imagine that her task was difficult! She had first to convince and argue with her opponents. These opponents, beaten by her eloquence, and baffled in their sophistries, applied in their turn to the imagination, and to the long past; and would, as in more modern ages, risk all, and stir up any revolution to recover what they had lost. They would have been more than human had they been able to quell their religious antipathies, and almost too ethereal had they not put forth all their strongest arguments. One cannot smother one's religion; one cannot forsake without a desperate struggle, a faith which ages had stamped with the seal of serious devotion;

therefore one cannot feel surprise at the Catholics opposing the innovations of the Protestants, or at Protestants retorting.

Montgomery, a foreigner, an adventurer, who cared little for the blood he shed, was her general; and generals are often obliged to do things which their chiefs would desire undone, but these generals are present actors there on the spot, and but pieces of humanity. When time and distance has cooled the blood of impetuosity, they may often regret their momentary want of influence over the bigoted or exasperated cohorts they commanded; and monarchs in their cabinets may deplore the dearly acquired laurels their best meaning generals have won for them.

But even her successes must prove how deep a root the reform under her good rule and better example had taken. She had to wage war not against a province, but against France; against inquisitorial Spain; against Rome itself; and even more—against popular opinion. She was alone against myriads, against the religion of centuries, and she fought the good fight valiantly.

To a Protestant I should say, "Do you love and adore your own religion? Would you deem

any labour too severe, or any trial too painful, to prove your attachment to it? Is not the martyr's crown open to you, and would you not suffer martyrdom to meet it?" So would also the true Catholic; and so has he often done; and so he will do, whilst the Colosseum stands a monument of former greatness, or the Vatican echoes its thunders of modern magnificence to the uttermost parts of the globe.

Are any means left unturned to make converts? "All is fair in war," says the proverb. I do not now believe that all is; but I am sure that all was fair in religious warfare; and that when the Protestant prevailed, he hid his scruples, having learnt his lesson from masters well versed in hypocrisy, and little conversant with mercy.

Therefore, if Jeanne was the thing she was accused of being; if much innocent blood was spilled by her fanatical partisans; if at times the woman forgot her sex, and her generals their responsibility, remember how she was persecuted, threatened, and attacked; and how every means, open or secret, fair or foul, were essayed to vanquish her now recognized opinions.

Her death was the death of a heroine. Warned

and entreated, no warnings or entreaties could retain her. She loved her God, and loving him, felt the responsibility he had laid upon her. At her country's call, and no doubt imagining that it was the will of heaven to stay torrents of blood, she repaired to Paris, trusting to her enemies; and how well they repaid her confidence! If the gave of Orthez received the innocent bodies of those Roman priests, it was a crime. We know that the queen of Navarre entered the Louvre in health, but was carried out a corpse!

We have seen the part Henri IV took in these campaigns: how well for some years he upheld his mother's faith; and how at last he renounced it for the general weal of his country, at the same time confirming the Protestants in the free exercise of their religion.

Now, it is impossible but that a new religion, although culled and chosen from the errors that time and vanity had produced in the mother church of Christendom, would have had its numerous adversaries. Age had blinded man to listen to the voice of the charmer; age and habit had confirmed the superstitious veneration for the mere mention of a Papal bull; therefore a great

shock was necessary to overthrow the rock of ages, and simple yet palpable truths necessary to finish the workings of such subtle doers.

We have the best evidence of the glaring excesses of the period, and the substantial proof that man had only need to be aroused from his impotent and degraded situation, to thank his deliverers.

The shock required was reason. Luther and his followers rendered grovelling man a reasonable creature; told them that they had power to think for themselves, though unable to do anything of themselves, as all their assistance was from God: yet how well grovelling man understood the orator, events proved. Reform battled against Papacy, freedom of thought against intellectual slavery; and time has only served to render the defeat more evident—the victory more glorious.

In the 19th century we may thank our forefathers of the 16th, for the errors they exposed, and the noble doctrines they developed. I think, without vain glorying, we may be thankful for the change, if only the idea of buying dispensations were evaded. To purchase pardon for wilful murder, to buy forgiveness for seduction, to atone

for any flagrant violation of the moral laws, was quite possible in the earlier part of the 16th century.

To see a beautiful woman, and to murder her husband, were venial faults ; to poison a generous but importunate prince, were trivial offences ; to hurl domestic bliss into the vortex of misery was but a trifle. Dispensation for all this might be purchased. Rome said so—man believed it ; for man walked in darkness. It wanted the halo of the sunshine of Luther to gleam into man's eyes, and re-open them from their torpidity. It wanted a Luther to preach that morality was based on religion ; and that what God could not, and had not sanctioned, man, however great, could not pardon.

To the credit, to the glory of the temporal rulers of the world, they were the first to support these tenets. Germany blew the horn, and the echoes rang from the snow-crested tops of the Pyrénées to the white faced cliffs of open-eyed Britannia.

Can we wonder, then, that the Béarn, a land of noble hearts, who preferred ages past the open-handed babe to the one of closed fist—who battled

for the cross on the burning sands of Syria, and was ever first to fight the Saracen in Spain, should have heard the voice of the preacher, and listened with attention? No! What if the annals of Jeanne d'Albret and Henri IV teem with gore—have we no warning voice to remind us that the scenes mentioned were surpassed in bitterness in the ages of bigoted superstition? Have we no chronicles to assure us that the very property of the church was only maintained at the sabre's point, and that duels disposed of the Almighty's property? And do we not find that the Roman clergy exerted all their influence, wrath, and arms, to confound by numerical power the growing cancer?

Though Louis XIII defeated much of the good his glorious father had done; though money, influence, and the dark clouds of threatenings have since been exerted to crush the free flow of the river of reason, yet from the sombre hues of the hoary Pyrénées rises up the tablet of unalterable thoughts, and not a "chaumière" is to be found where Jeanne d'Albret is not respected and remembered, or where Henri IV, the Protestant, and the giver of freedom, is not adored and idolized.

That he fell off from his mother's creed we pity—cannot blame him. A king, a father—and more, a patriot—he resigned himself for the good of the many, ever mindful of the few.

The generous Béarn sincerely lamented so great a king as Henri IV, at such a moment, too, when he was still working for their good, and when in his stead an infant monarch, guided by ambitious protectors, was to rule the destinies of the land. Yet we must confess that the religious schisms brought trouble and disorder with them, and that while the Roman Catholics were anxiously awaiting his entire conversion to them—in which case the edict of Nantes would probably have been revoked—the Reformers were as eagerly expecting the advancement of their glorious cause; but being numerically weaker, they awaited it now in hopes, and now in fears. •

The Roman Catholics were convinced that he was sincerely fixed in their faith; they daily hoped to hear of some edict which would restore them the goods which they had lost, and reinstate them in their pristine importance.

The Reformers, who perhaps had abused the favours of a king who loved them at heart sin-

cerely, were shy of a court which had partially deserted, though it still protected them. They doubted a court "composed of evil disposed persons, where their enemies were in force, and only worked together for their ruin." On either side there was fear: the Roman Catholics trembling for the past, and regretting their lost influence, which they were not sure to re-establish; the Reformers doubting the power of the king to protect them in their new doctrines, and to ensure them liberty, or even life.

Henri IV had, by his prudence, healed the wounds which persecution on either side had produced in the Béarn. In April 1598, he had signed the famous edict of Nantes, which gave the Reformers the free exercise of their religion, and the privilege of holding any judicial or financial employment in the state; and by this means the religious irritation in the Béarn ceased, as either creed had its liberties.

Preachers openly expounded these doctrines, and both parties moved on quietly, like two mighty streams running parallel to each other, till they were again to meet in the sea of discord. On either side conversions were made, but the

land was comparatively in repose, when the sudden death of the master hand threw all the mechanism into disorder.

Troubles sprang up again. The two parties clashed together. Neither wished to lose : both desired to gain. Human history is but a catalogue of aspirants after human honors ; and priestly combatants but church militants for temporal power.

Scarce were the noble ashes of Henri confined in the vaults of St. Denis, ere his royal child, Louis XIII, aged only nine years, was proclaimed king ; his mother, Marie de Medicis, being appointed regent by the parliament, on the very day of her husband's death.

The edict of Nantes was confirmed ; and the same proclamation assured to the Protestants payment of the sums assigned for the support of their ministers, and the maintenance of their garrisoned cities.

The Béarn was calmed with this declaration, and a short repose or breathing moment, was given to the heads of the two churches to establish and restore their places of worship. But this peace was not to exist long : the cathedral of

Lescar was opened with great pomp on the feast of St. James's, and mass was sung for the first time for forty years within its ancient walls.

The Calvinists of Béarn knew that their war was a common war; that it was not confined to Rochelle, or limited to the Pyrénées; but that all Protestant Europe would rise up to aid them. They knew, also, that the Béarn was still a republic in the kingdom of France, and in the prejudice of its inhabitants; that their privileges, from time immemorial preserved to them, maintained their independence, and therefore the heads of their church were convoked to a general meeting. The election of deputies for the "conseils généraux," was the reason assigned for the meeting; but of course their own immediate safety, individually and collectively, was the real object, as the wily Medicis, with her cunning countryman, Concini, and later with the Bishop of Lucon, Richelieu, had already determined on the annihilation of the odious creed, which asserted too liberal doctrines for her purposes and her despotic sway.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the Béarn, the intrigues of the court of France were numerous.

The house of Lorraine was opposed to the Regent ; and later, Luynes supplanted himself in the favour of the young king, who was declared of age at fourteen, to the great chagrin of his mother, the Regent Marie, Concini, and Richelieu.

As the Béarn was not yet united to France, the council general of that province could not be summoned to Paris, where their meetings were held, till 1615. At this assembly—the last held at Paris—the conduct of the court and government was highly censured—a censure which even parliament confirmed. The Prince of Condé published a manifesto against the conduct of the government, and on his not being listened to, he placed himself at the head of the Calvinists.

The Calvinists met at Saumur. Their deputies came in state from all parts ;—those of Béarn were at first prohibited from making common cause with the rest ; but on the advice of the Marquis de Laforce, they were received. At this meeting the Protestants swore allegiance and obedience to the orders of the king, but reserved their right of decision on religious matters, “ the sovereign empire of God being another question.”

Here the early Reformers took their stand.

They owned and swore allegiance to their earthly king, as far as it regarded their moral and social duties ; but waited, before their final decision was given, to see how far the government would support and maintain the integrity of the edict of Nantes ; and before they would endanger their principles and their sacred cause by undue precipitation, they stood on legitimate defence.

CHAPTER XI.

PAT, the chief town of the department of the Basses Pyrénées, once the residence of monarchs, lately restored by the orleanist Louis Philippe and the Imperial Napoleon III, is within seven hours of the railway from Paris. Vehicles of all kinds, from the lumbering old dilly, of immense proportions and everlasting yellow, to the humbler cabriolet, or spicy quadruped, await your choice at the ancient town of Dax, on the Adour ; and, barring a certain foot-deep quantity of mud as far as Orthez, there is no impediment to easy travelling ; therefore we will fancy ourselves there.

The town itself is built on two ridges, running east and west, of sufficient height to be above the dews of the valley of the Gave, which roll beneath, and yet protected from the cold winds of the north and east by the more elevated country in the background.

This is plainly visible on arriving from Bordeaux. From that side, Pau is scarcely to be recognized until the traveller is actually upon it ; so that, being above the damps of the low country, and yet sheltered from the winds, its position is eminently adapted for health ; and many a pilgrim, in search of a genial climate, has there, from the bleak and frost-bound regions of Russia, or the more raw and damper districts of England, rested his weary and shattered frame with gratitude and thanksgivings.

I am not a medical man, and shall therefore refer you to Dr. Taylor's excellent work on "The climate of Pau," if you seek the Pyrénées unfortunately as an invalid ; but I may say, from experience and personal observation, that I have seen astonishing cures effected—or rather, most beneficial results attained by a residence in this genial clime. To say that any climate can cure aggravated cases of decline and consumption, would be to attribute to that climate properties I do not think it possesses ; and would tend to prove that a disease, I believe incurable, may be combated with effectually.

I have seen too many an anxious wife, or sor-

rowing parent arrive, one after the other, bringing with them their dear invalids, in hopes of staying the fatal blow. I have watched their never failing care and devotion with earnest sympathy, as day by day too pliant fancy imagined the softer air had restored the colour to the cheek, or vigor to the appetite.

Alas ! they mistook that transient hue for returning health ; and that keen appetite for reviving force. A few months, or at most, a few short years, ended their doubts and tremblings, and the cemetery claimed its own.

Madeira, Nice, Italy, and Pau—each and all—how many a tender flower has sought your genial temperature but to languish and pine away gently and gradually ;—kept alive but for a short space by a more fostering gale but to prolong the misery of the nurse, and to make the regret at parting even more acutely felt than it would have been had the rude rough hand of icy death at one fell blow robbed her of its prey. Then it had been over at once ; and no lingering, no agonizing suspense.

If to prolong the life of one we adore, to see a relation or friend eke out a few short months of

existence which a residence in colder England might have abridged ; if we desire to have the dear patient as long as possible with us, and see him or her go off gradually before our eyes, slowly but surely, perhaps imperceptibly to the gazer or invalid, come to Pau ; for I do believe that I may say that many have lingered there a few short years who would have withered and faded away in another country ; and then there is the melancholy satisfaction of feeling that all was done that could have been done to soothe and alleviate, as well as prolong, by nursing and attention, the flickering light of life.

This I have witnessed. A melancholy and affecting sight it is ; for we cannot cheat death of its prey. Attention, money, clime, and prayers, cannot avert the pitiless blow ; and the only transient gratification is, that perhaps we may have preserved the object of our care, like a condemned but dying plant which we may have tried to rear to see another summer. How deceitful is this fell disease ! It seems to mock at us, to laugh at our care, our delusion and vanity. Even nature seems to say ; do, frail mortal, all you can : call in the doctor's skill, the physician's art ; cull

all the remedies I have so variously and so diffusely scattered far and wide ; all those pretty plants, with their subtle qualities ; seek in the earth for those rich minerals ; despise the gold, but search for the more priceless specimens ;—you have the gold, and therefore can do it—plough up the bowels of the earth for its hidden treasures ;—seek, and you will find—all perhaps, but the cure for those who are already marked with the finger of death ; who already have been chosen as victims or offerings, as warnings or lessons. There is no cure for this disease. There may be delay ; but yet at Pau, as at other places of parallel latitude, and equable climate, you can but add a few more years to the life of the doomed plant.

Go down to the deep waters ;—the soft summer air and gentle dews will brighten up the patient : ! as the trout on the water's edge struggles fainter and fainter with the angler's hook, and at last gasps for breath, each moment feebler, on the fresh and clean grass, so, fond friend, will your dear patient go down to these favoured climes, and gasp the last breath, faintly and feebly, before you and in your arms.

Seek the soul-stirring scenery of the mountains,

the snow-capped peaks, the box-covered heights, the avalanche and rapid, the gave and valley, the rock and flower, the pine in its beauty lying by its mate of the blasted trunk ; see the lichen clinging to the rude rough granite, or the delicate saxifrage crushing huge masses of primitive composition : pluck the fair and tender orchis from beneath the rugged brow of its overhanging damp protector, or the lovely gentian, on the marshy heights : deck thy pony's bridle with the gorgeous rhododendron, or elegant parnassia ;—all this will light up, like new oil in the lamp, the flickering flame : all this will revive for a moment a brilliant lustre on the cheek, but it will be only for a moment, and then it will fade away.

Listen to the merry peasant's song, as he tends his fleecy flock on the distant summit ; or to the mellow tinkling bell of the hardy Ossaloise, as she knits her brown socks, and follows in the wake of her browsing herd. Echo carries along the gleesome air or melodious sound, and wakes up a cheerful, sorrowful, pleasing idea. Your interest, dear patient, is very short lived. Enjoy it, and make the most of it with those you love best, for your time with them is but short.

Should some hardy mountaineer pass you by, in tatters and rags, and chant "*La haut sur las montagnes*," pity him not;—he is happier in those garments and with his ruddy health, than you, even though he almost seems to bend beneath his weight of wood, or his person be almost imperceptible from the immense load of hay he is carrying down the steep precipice. He is healthy and strong—you wealthy and weak.

Should you catch the hunter's horn, or hear the shrill shout of the fortunate *chasseur*, as he makes the narrow passes reverberate from his rifle the signal of success, join in his glee. Nature does, and will do all she can to make your passage light and easy; and loves to sound a merry requiem over those she regrets to lose. And then—last of all—should some kind friend persuade you to go to the *Eaux bonnes*, or the baths of *Panticosa*, and while there propose a mountain excursion—could you refuse? No; the promised and anticipated pleasure would be sufficient excitement. The morning is fair;—as fair as yours was! the sun shines bright—so did your arrival in this world shine to her who bore you! not a breath of cold or bitter air, or a cloud to threaten impending

danger;—so may have been your early years, cloudless and pleasant! The river runs brightly and fleetly beneath your feet, dancing from rock to rock, and kissing each overhanging bough in its way; but it expands below into the mightier stream, and is lost in the ocean of nothingness, with all its ties and affections for the source of its existence—perhaps even before your sight. 'Tis noon;—already the guide looks round and round; above, below, on the dwindling valley, and the mountains' crest. A thin, fine, vapoury air imperceptibly, gradually forms a light circle round the loftiest peak. The descending atmosphere seems to fly over the head between earth and heaven, as if seeking whereon to repose itself. It becomes grosser and denser, colder and damper, dark and gloomy;—the wind begins to whisper; the silver birch to bend; the very air smells rain; a distant rumble in the far off hills; a few large spots, which drop so loud and dreary on the expectant earth, that they sound like a death-watch on a wooden table, and an omen of ill. Flash—flash! the vivid lightning flies; the rolling thunder soon replies, and torrents fall below;—and where is the frail creature who in the morning went out so gay

and happy? The rough coat of the honest guide has been formed into a rude seat beneath some friendly rock ; innumerable waterproofs and cloaks are folded over and round her fair form ; all that care and attention can do is done ; but, like that weeping willow, struck by the lightning's flash, or those little flowers, uprooted and carried away by the remorseless shower, both in the morning strong and fair, so she, who fondly hoped once more to gaze on the beauties she loved so well, is struck to the heart, and bends her head !

It is the last storm of life she is to see ; the last tempest she is to hear. As in inanimate nature, one rude hand may destine the handsome tree to ruin, so in animate nature one mighty voice may beckon his own to him.

'Tis the last struggle of nature ! Hope kindled the fire ; excitement fanned the flame. The rude mountain air, with its sudden whirlwinds and tempests, blighted at early noon these too fond hopes ; and the frail traveller over the actual world, saw her last glimmer in the phases of the natural world.

And what a beautiful simile ! All we have cherished from infancy compared to a flower—a sweet,

soft, delicate little plant ;—some tiny hand to tend it, some fond owner to water it with tears ;—death, be it by the avalanche, torrent, or disease, robs us of our joy, and the blessed spirit seeks eternity.

There will we leave it in repose, for no earthly touch can there pollute it. Where those flowers go to we know not : we know they grew, and with the coming spring they are regenerate, and we may smile on them once more. Let us hope we may so smile on the loved ones we have seen taken from us ; and then God Almighty be praised, for he took them from a corruptible to an incorruptible world ; a trial for us, whereby to merit once more seeing them *for ever* !

We are, or were, at Pau ; and, if I went off to say a few words on that terrible malady which leads so many there, forgive me, kind reader ;—it was so natural. I have lost a few friends there ; one as I have described ;—and many a time I have followed to the grave some poor countryman. But I met one to-day at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, and knew him not : when I last saw him, he was a frail weak plant, requiring props and aid ; to-day he is a man again : head erect,

heart beating, all again the soldier. He is going to Sebastopol, where his country calls him, strong and stalworth. A few months ago I fancied his God had called him. Climate, and the mercy of God, did this for him.

• There are other diseases that Pau is recommended for, as sciatica, bronchitis, in more or less advanced stages. If you go to that now favoured spot, you will find eminent medical men who will advise you better than these few pages. You will meet Drs. Taylor, Ottley, Smythe, and Bagnell—most competent men. If you prefer French medicines, my friend, Dr. Daran, is a calm but excellent man, and in his hands you may be safe, although doctors differ as to regime.;

As I never once recommended a medical man, I will only say, where all are so good and so kind, and (if necessary, and they feel that the patient is poor and needy), so reasonable in their fees, or even gratuitous visitors, whether you choose British or French, you alight upon men well conversant with the diseases you have come to soothe, or the fearful malady you wish by a few short years to lengthen.

I beg here to offer my best thanks to all of

them for their several kindnesses on particular occasions.

There is an English church at Pau—very ugly—but it is a church, although many would doubt it, from the exterior, and that with reason. I assure you that there is an English church, and that inside there is a minister worth hearing. His doctrine is to try and please his congregation. The building is very simple: no bell is allowed to toll; but at 11 and 4 o'clock divine service is performed, and the faithful meet. I have travelled nearly over the whole of Europe, but I must confess that the specimens of British clergymen sent out to these temporary colonies—with exceptions, of course—are neither the best to look at, nor the most convincing, either by their matter or their fluency.

The church is not consecrated, but it is well supported, except on the north side, as the present minister received at first, if I remember right, under 2000 f. and now enjoys an increasing salary of from 6000 to 8000 f. Human nature is never content; and it would be odd if it were.

The English church (not legally recognised as such, as none are—and why not?—in France),

was the gift of a Duchess of Britain—*i. e.*, the said Duchess gave the ground, with also a very handsome subscription, and the British visitors or residents, have spent some 60,000 f. in embellishing her property, much to their folly, and little to their advantage, for the ground is valueless and dangerous.

I beg to add, however, that perhaps, had it not been for Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, there would have been no English church at all; and that therefore all of us ought to be grateful to her, not for the site she chose, but that the church was built. It is a curiosity inside and out.

There is also a French congregation which assembles within the same edifice. The pasteur is elected by the trustees of the church (who, by-the-by, do not exist to-day), and is by them, when existing, appointed to the living, subject to the confirmation of the consistory of Orthez. A great many English go there: some to hear an excellent preacher; others to take a French lesson, which I hope will improve them. M. Buscarlet has been long at Pau, and is well known to the British residents. I believe the Presbyterians prefer going to his service in the afternoon. He has,

moreover, a very large and increasing school, in which many visitors interest themselves.

The English church at Pau, as extant, is an anomaly; and munificent as have been the donations, exemplary as are the parishioners, it is to be regretted that so much money has been thrown away on so very plain a representation of our beautiful churches.

There might be a chapter or two devoted to this matter; but when I have received kindness from all I would not wish to hurt any one. "Unity is strength," was my motto; and so it ought to be in a Catholic land. I would only venture to express an opinion that printed documents, for or against our church, in a foreign land, tell very plainly to our antagonists that there are dissensions and differences, otherwise these documents, for or against, would not appear; and therefore, the fewer the better.

I fully believe that Roman Catholics make the best use of, and know how to profit by these idle publications;—publications, I fancy, in our English counties or parishes, we should never think of; but the English church at Pau is an anomaly, as I said before.

Whilst touching on the ground of Catholicism, I must record what has so often struck me abroad, and nowhere more than at Pau, where from circumstances, and actual want of space, many a Protestant is often prevented entering the house of prayer. Why are our houses of prayer always closed, and the Catholic places of worship open? I heard a noble lord a few days since, in his place at the house, conclude a speech with the words of our poet—

“Awake, arise! or be for ever fall’n;”

and these words recurred to me, as about half-past nine one evening I returned home by the Brompton road. I thought of Pau and its churches. Here, by its Protestant neighbour, stands a modern building;—no antique oratory, or fabulous idea, but a modern structure, a modest and lowly fabric. No doubt of its reality and substance, for curiosity engaged my attention, and I penetrated without let or hindrance its arcana.

A Roman Catholic church, of which most of the priests are, I believe, converted ministers, was thronged, even at that late hour, by pious pilgrims.

I might have expected the poor and needy, or the weary and heavy-laden, to be assistants at the

service, for such a refuge is a very present help in the time of trouble ; but I observed also the wealthy and lovely of the land, the splendid equipages of the rich (which I had seen in all the pomp and vanity of this world, conveying their owners to the drawing-room of their earthly sovereign but a few hours before), and the respectable apparel of the middle classes.

It was the “*mois de Marie*,” the 24th of May, a season unknown to us as devotional, and I do not argue here that debatable point ; but what particularly struck me, lately returned from a Catholic land, was that these churches are always open, and that our own are closed at almost all hours and days, but those the officiating minister may order otherwise.

There was our church of the blessed Trinity as dark and gloomy as its shadowy avenue, or ivy-crowned tower ;—no light to cheer, no sign to welcome or invite. There was the oratory, like a brilliant jewel, alluring all to enter and sit down ; and I feel that many do enter there, and go away home, and satisfied, who had intended going in a very different direction.

The doors of the house of their God were open.

The humble sits by the rich man's side ; the gas burns for all ; the prayers are for each and all ; the servant there is his master's equal, and sits on the same bench. These benches are of wood—rather hard, perhaps—but yet the poor man feels that there is equality before God ; and when the preacher tells him so, he looks around and sees his words exemplified. Can we so look around in our churches ? No ! Closed as the prophecies in the Apocalypse, sealed as the mysteries of chaos, are the entries to our churches. And why ? Is it for the intrinsic values they contain, or the rapacity of the devotees ? God forbid !—nor let us impute it to the indifference of our ministers.

Open, then, the courts of the Lord. Let the people come unto him and offer—not at forced or fixed seasons, but when their hearts are eager, and their minds longing, those vows of prayer and penitence, which now, by loathsome habit, they are prevented from doing.

It is a pleasant thing to go to the house of our God, not as we go to theatres or balls, at hours indicated by invitation only, but at all times ;—when the wayworn spirit sighs for comfort, the wavering sinner needs strength, and the poor

man's apparel does not blush to shew itself. Though the lamps burn dim, he may commune with his own heart, and search out his spirits ; and what place can be more appropriate than the temple where his God may be seen, by faith, at his holy altar ?

Ye dull and cold monuments of Protestantism, open your gates, that sinners may come in and be comforted ! Then the servant may enter ere the morning's task begin ; the master and father may offer up his thanksgivings ere he resume his daily vocation ; the wife and child may pray for his success while he be employed ; and all may meet, after the daily stage of duty run, to bless their common father for mercies vouchsafed.

Enter the Roman Catholic churches when you will, you may see the worshipper. What though his lips only from habit move ? It is a very good habit ; and there is a mystery and seriousness in prayer thus offered which the privacy of the closet or family worship cannot excite ; and which the vaulted roof, the consecrated shrine, the heavenly presence, all—even the very gloom of the edifice, inspires.

A few words on our cemetery, so long neglected,

but now, owing to the care and attention of two ladies, become so interesting and even sadly beautiful. Few, who visit Pau, do not remember having followed to the grave some friend or relative, and therefore it must be a melancholy pleasure to them to know that the resting-place of the regretted one is carefully and neatly maintained.

If the traveller pay a pilgrim's visit to the shrine of his countrymen, even though he may have no well remembered sleeper there, I am sure that he will not grudge his mite to preserve their quiet abode from weeds and ruin.

Society in all countries and capitals is a dangerous subject to attack. Society at Pau is a *very* dangerous point; and I must take care how I deal with it. I fancy I could be amusing, but I will not. I will be very short, and not wound where I would not hurt; for if ever any one ought to be grateful for kindnesses received there, it is myself; and I own, whether as a young man, or afterwards as a married man, that no one received more numerous or more unmerited marks of attention and kindness than I did.

If I abuse Pau a little, allow me to say I love it; and will have no one else abuse it without

defending it? But is it not a funny place?—for society I mean. All nations, all ranks, meet there. The rich Russian prince, not of royal blood by any means, Hungarian, Pole, Prussian baron and German count, conseiller a la cour and even “ancien député.” why the “ancien,” heaven knows! The French maréchal or sénateur, the général en retraite, the returned colonist, and the magnates of the Prefecture—these, with the native lords of the department, and Spanish émigrés or fugitives in abundance, are the chaos of wordly guns against which English visitors have to fight their amiable battles; and either side has its laughing victory.

Really, for the apprenticeship they have undergone, my fair compatriots stand the attack very well. They had never seen moustachios but on the lips of the “gallant” hussar, or precocious guardsman. Every man is an officer with us who can cultivate and perfect moustachios. Civilians cannot, or dare not. Clubs and Pall Mall smile at the vanity of earthly ambition, when it has never carried colours from the Horse Guards to St. James’s, or escorted the cream-coloured horses and gilded car of sovereignty all the way from

Buckingham Palace to a Drawing Room. The "Junior United" smokes his mild cigar on the steps of his "all in all," and dare some uninitiated pollute the sacred entrance with the insignia of commission, eyes glisten and glare, whiskers stand out, shirt collars are pulled up, moustachios are curled with the two fingers, killing looks, fearful glances, umbrellas drawn, and a scanning look from top to toe ;—these greet the bold and hardy civilian, who tremblingly faces this phalanx of aristocratic cosmopolitans. "He is none of us. He is a man—isn't he?"

How can our fair ones, who have never seen such lions but at reviews, or such scenes and places as I have mentioned, feel ought but terror and agitation when first they find themselves face to face with them. At Pau their great terror can actually talk, reason, venture to give an idea or express an opinion ;—these were qualities rarely attributed to the like genus at home. No wonder, then, that at first our innocent "misses" are somewhat astonished ; but I assure you, that what with their good temper, and the good nature of the illustrious stranger, they soon become very good friends.

I do think, though I have a French ally who does not agree with me, that an Englishman can make as manly and as useful a bow as any one. He cannot, perhaps, and I hope he never will, come up to you and put his nose in your face once, and wish you good evening, and then retire, taking that nose away with him at a second movement, without having said a word. No ; he has not learnt this. He cannot, at ten yards' distance, put his hand to his beaver, and placing his arm at right angles, well extended in line with his head, gracefully decapitate himself, at the same time throwing his pliant frame into all those graceful tortuosities and elegant manœuvres which none but the distinguished foreigner can hope to be perfect in. No—he is too simple yet—nor did it ever come into his head to stand, hat in hand, uncovered, and without *parapluie*, talking sweet things to some fair, while his teeth were chattering, or uttering most unmusical sounds. No ;—he must go abroad to learn this : the climate of England would not permit of such indiscretion ; it would materially injure his health.

If John Bull be rather too “raid” or stiff, or a little too “guindé” and not sufficiently pliant,

it may be a fault, and I should be glad to see him forget the "cælum tueri" posture he thinks it most becoming to put on out of door occasions, or in-door ceremonies; yet at the same time I do not see the grace of bending double, like an Hindoo salaaming, opposite to, but not looking at the object of your salutation; nor do I discover the necessity of risking a cold by standing uncovered in the cold air out of ceremonious compliment. I am sure the fair object of his attention would regret such a result.

This might have done in the age of perukes and powder; but the hair, when there is any, is now very short, and when there is none, it would be politic to conceal the loss.

Thus, when on her first *debut* at some evening party, an untravelled "miss" beholds some unknown admirer dancing bows before her, she naturally, for the moment, imagines him under a delusion, or in error; but when this assiduous cavalier recapitulates these obeisances, the horrified fair trembles within her "tarlatanne," and applies to her mamma to extricate her. "Monsieur, j'ai nai pas l'honneur de votre connaissance," says that dignified personage, mildly. "Madame!"

and the humiliated and discomforted aspirant retreats with a bow, and explains to his friends the "*gaucherie de la petite Anglaise*."

Thus neither knew the custom of the other's fatherland. Had the Frenchman, naturally hurt by the stupid refusal, known that "miss" could not dance with him unless he were first presented to her by a mutual acquaintance, he would have procured that necessary "open sesame;" and so, I trust, had "miss" known, that in a lady's house in France it is the custom for any "monsieur" to invite any lady, disengaged, to dance, she would have discovered some milder method of carrying out her principles without hurting the feelings of the gentleman.

But this soon wears off. It is only the first varnish, which is soon rubbed off, and both laugh together, after a few nights, at the ludicrous adventure.

I remember at my own house a lady of distinction and great personal attractions being invited by a certain French gentleman, of equally noble family, to dance a quadrille with him. The lady, not knowing him, pretended not to hear him; and when, after several attempts, he found the beauti-

ful statue still dumb and deaf to his entreaties, he came up to me and exclaimed, " *Quel dommage ! q'une si belle femme soit muette ?*" I looked round, and saw that the lady he alluded to was laughing and talking away as merry as possible. I guessed the cause of this sudden deafness ; and leading up my friend, presented him. After many mutual apologies and explanations, they became great friends ; and, I believe, every evening danced together, recurring often to their mutual stupidity and embarrassment with laughter and surprise.

Again—when those fearful bows, and huge moustachios descend in winning grace before our quiet spinsters, awed as they have been at home, it naturally requires some time for them to gain courage ; but I think I may say, that with the exception of these national peculiarities, and the presence of tobacco perfume, which does not vanish so soon as the prejudices, my countrywomen find foreign society quite as amusing and lively as their own, and become very soon friendly and confidential.

Of course we must expect the foreigner to have his joke at our expense. There is great field for

it at Pau; whether it be manners, customs, dresses, or dancing. Dancing! An English woman (with exceptions, *bien entendu*), will come on the scene of action all life, and bound away like a foot-ball, up to the roof and down again; or all stone, and then she will hang on you, and you will have to bear her up until she bear you down.

You, fair countrywoman, must resign the palm to the foreigners in dressing and dancing. Let them laugh, or rather smile (for they are too polite to laugh too loud), at these defects;—they are defects—but you can afford to be wanting in some things: so dance and dress as you like;—your countrymen will forgive such errors as those.

Another fertile source of merriment is the facility with which voices, which were created to sing “Auld Lang Syne,” and “Ye banks and braes of bonny doune,” as sweetly, as passionately, and as elegantly as ever patriot sang a patriot air, are made to murder French. I have seen a company with difficulty restraining itself from peals of laughter, as some good-natured, but unfortunate victim of persuasion has endeavoured to give effect to “*Ecoute pêcheur*,” in the chant d’Ondine. Few English ladies are aware of the *furore* they

create. They would excite less pity if they could confine themselves to their native songs; but they perhaps console themselves with the reflection, that—

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

With a letter of introduction to a resident, the entree into society is easily obtained, and if pleasure, or I might almost say, one continued series of dissipation, is desired, there is no place where one can indulge in it better than in Pau.

Then those beautiful walks and rides! The park of Pau is one of the most splendid and most delicious promenades in Europe, with a view unparalleled, and a position eminently adapted to the climate. The terrace of the Chateau, the Place Royale, the Haute Plante, are also charming lounges.

Carriages are very cheap: 300 francs a month for a nice coupè with two horses; or two francs an hour; or fifteen francs a day; and then one can go wherever fancy dictates.

Horses are let at four francs a day, or ninety francs a month, and very decent hacks they are.

Fishing and shooting may be indulged in.

The fishing cannot be called good, yet it costs nothing, but the sportsman may always procure a few trout; and with his gun, during the season, very often secure a dozen quail, with now and then a hare or partridge. In the winter, woodcock, snipe, and wild fowl, are plentiful, and with civility the "chasseur" may go any where he likes, as every peasant is civil, and will shew you over his "*property!*"

There is a cricket club also, and a very decent ground: we have had some right good play there.

Hunting bagged foxes, with, now and then, a real find, is another favourite diversion: and really the sport shewn is often very good; but as I never hunt, I cannot say much on this point.

Unless it be scenery, there is little to see at Pau: the chateau is the only relic of old times: so the visitor must not expect as at Florence, Rome, or Naples, to feast on antiquity. I consider this the only drawback to Pau; there is little food for the mind, unless it be what scandal supplies, and of that there is a *ne plus ultra*.

Houses, or rather apartments in a house, where two or three other families reside, are easily procured. The price varies from 1000 francs, or

£ 40, to 10,000, or £ 400 per annum. A comfortable house may be had for 3000 francs, or £ 120, large enough for five or six persons. Your friend on the spot will gladly aid you in your search after this essential want.

Living—that is eating and drinking—is very moderate, though each year it is dearer: it is double now what it was five years ago. The servants are honest and good, and I should recommend the visitor to leave his servants at home, and provide himself with them on the spot.

Then for excursions! They are numberless, varied and beautiful; but as I reserve my notes on this point for a second little volume, I can only say that if you delight in a charming climate and perfect scenery, you will meet with both, kind reader, in the Pyrénées, and you will never regret a visit to those enchanting mountains.

